THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
Copyright, 1936, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.

Sunday, Jan. 12, 1936

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

A Surprisingly Pretty Girl Sat Curled Up in a Chair. Garrett Caught the Flash of Her Dark Hostile Eyes as He Said Good Night to the Scientist.

CHAPTER I.

Night Landing.

THE boom creaked mournfully as the little sloop rose to an oily swell. Garrett yawned to ease the unrest of his stomach. For an hour the ebb tide or the outer channel current had been drifting him steadily seaward. He was miles from shore, and still hopelessly becalmed.

The late afternoon sun glinted less blindingly from the water. It would soon be night.

A gull slanted a beady eye at him and veered away with a cry of hoarse derision. He stood up and took stock.

Away to the southeast he could see the faintly roseate shoulders of Catalina. Little Santa Barbara Island notched the horizon due south. To the southwest lay San Nicolas, dark and bleak against the sky.

He faced about. Landward, the deep-sea fishing fleet was standing in under power and very small with distance. They were the only vessels in sight.

Garrett resumed his place at the useless tiller.

Day waned while he drifted. As the sun went down, a gust of warm, off-shore wind roughened the sea. It swung the boom over and twanged the sheet. Other puffs followed. Soon they ran together into a light breeze that made the sloop heel and whisper at her forefoot.

Instead of beating for shore, Garrett slacked off the sheet and ran before the wind.

In the deepening twilight fingers of mist began to creep on the water. They appeared here and there as if by magic and thickened fast. He took a compass bearing of San Nicolas, now only a few miles distant, and set that course. The sloop sped on, rising and jouncing.

With nightfall the wind freshened. It could not dispel the mist. He found himself engulfed in a shroud of clammy darkness, sailing blind.

It was an eerie sensation, this plunging into the unknown. He crouched at the tiller, his blue yachting coat buttoned to the neck and his long limbs doubled under him for warmth. By the brief flares of a pocket lighter he held the sloop to his compass bearing despite the long, invisible swells athwart her bows.

Time passed while the fog swirled about his shoulders, coating him and the cockpit with tiny drops of moisture. Quite ignorant of the current drift hereabout, he began to harbor the chilling conviction that he had passed San Nicolas. Since it was the outermost island, that would leave him hopelessly lost.

Abruptly the vessel slowed as though grasped by huge, soft hands. It veered and heeled over, spilling the wind.

He sprang to lower the gaff, then stood listening. From the darkness ahead came the wash of big, sleepy waves. He dipped an oar overside. It brought up a mass of tangled kelp that clung like drowning fingers.

Creeping aft again, he deftly unshipped the rudder. One hand groped in the cockpit and brought up a ten-pound pig of ballast iron with a line attached to it. He made the line fast to the rudder and lowered the whole thing over the stern.

Lying out over the taffrail, he managed to flash the lighter for an instant as he let go the line. It split the water with a faint hiss. The rudder jerked and sank from sight in a swirl of dim bubbles.

Having deliberately crippled the sloop, Garrett sat up again to listen. He could hear nothing but the indistinct wash and thump of waves somewhere ahead and the little sea noises of wind and water about his craft. The sloop hung stationary now in spite of the breeze.

He rose and felt his way amidships. As he expected, the centerboard was entangled in the rubbery kelp. After a hard struggle he managed to raise it. He had not set the topsail. Under the tug of its jib alone, the sloop began to move. He paid out the jib-sheet, so as to keep the rudderless little vessel as nearly as possible before the wind.

After a moment of sluggish advance he felt the sloop glide free. He loosed the jib top-sheet, held it and peered into the mist. The liquid brawling of waves against rock grew louder. The jib came down with a run, stripping the sloop to her bare pole. He stood waiting for a glimpse of the shore.

The marching fog shredded left and right for an instant, swirling to the heights above. Over Garrett's shoulder the low full moon struck through dimly and showed him a stretch of beach. The sloop was broadside on to it.

He ran up the jib long enough to head her in again.

She struck with a jarring crunch and pitched him forward on his hands and knees. He vaulted out, gripped the gunwale and set his feet. With the next wave he tugged until his muscles cracked. The little sloop scraped grudgingly a few feet higher. He was getting ready to try again, when a beam of light flashed out of the mist and found him.

"Got cha!" came a hoarse bellow. "Hands up!"

Garrett wheeled, shading his eyes. "Hello, there!"

The powerful torch flickered over the sloop. Tracing the beam, he saw a giant of a man standing with his legs apart. Refracted light from the mist showed his leather coat glistening with moisture, and a business-like rifle under his arm. The barrel was trained on Garrett.

The torch swung back to blind Garrett's eyes. "Hands up, I said!" The words dripped tensity. Garrett obeyed at once, sensing in the man's

Continued on Page 16.

Unprofitable Profession Of Selling Blood To Patients

PARIS.

SCATTERED about France are several hundred professional blood donors who may be called upon to save the lives of other people who, for one reason or another, need fresh supplies of the life-giving fluid. It might seem that blood is a valuable substance and that the giving of it would be a highly profitable profession, but it is a strange fact that the exhausting services of blood donors are relatively cheap and that the huskiest and healthiest of them seldom average more than $25 a month.

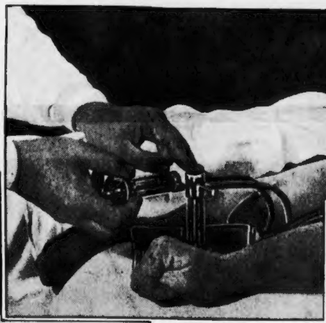
In special cases, where an individual arranges to pay handsomely for enough of the proper blood to save him from the debilitating effects of disease, or from the shock of accident, a donor may collect a price above scale. But in most cases the market price for good clean blood is less than the cost of equal amounts of perfume, or wines of rare vintage. Fortunately most blood donors do not depend entirely on their occasional calls to the operating rooms of hospitals for a living.

In the opinion of the leading French doctors, no donor can afford to give more than 500 grams of blood a month. This is about 17 ounces, and for this maximum amount the market price is about $21. It is easy to see that the profession is far from profitable.

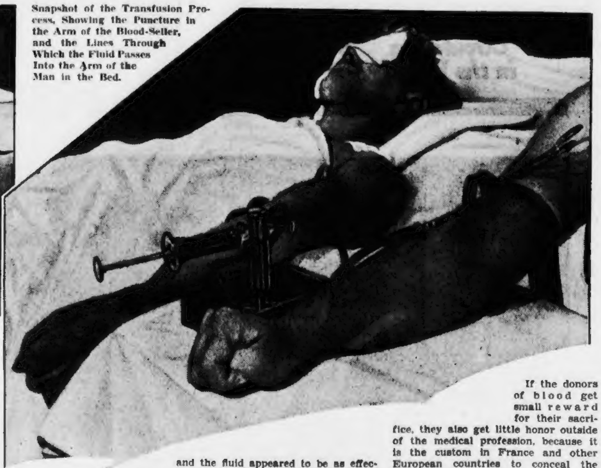
Every hospital in Paris has in its files a list of blood donors with a complete record of the type of blood that each donor carries in his arteries and veins. The donors have one of four distinct types of blood which are designated as types A, B, AB and O. A patient needing "A" blood must get fresh supplies of the fluid from a donor with healthy A-type blood, the victim of accident or disease with "B" blood must have the services of a "B" blood donor if the transfusion is to be successful, and so on.

Within the past few years surgeons have made many interesting discoveries during transfusions. They found out, for example, that a patient suffering from typhoid fever, and in need of blood, has the best chance of recovery if the donor is a person who has the same type of blood—and has successfully resisted the disease. There is considerable hope that sufferers of the dread infantile paralysis can be greatly benefited by injections of healthy blood from the bodies of persons who have had the malady and gotten over it.

Below—A Blood-Donor Having Her Blood Tested. It Must Match That of the Patient or It Is Useless. Physicians Check Carefully on the Corpuscle Count.



The Surgeon Is Here Shown Checking on the Flow of Healthy Blood From a Donor Through the Syphon Into the Veins of a Sick Man.



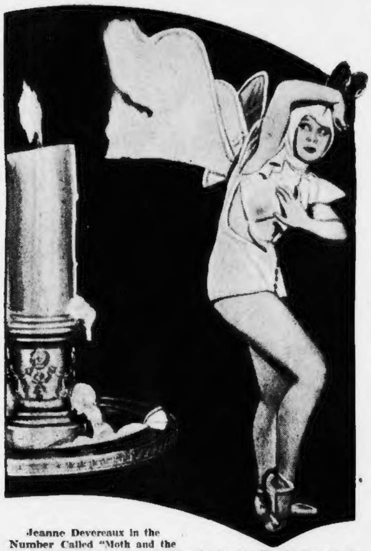
Snapshot of the Transfusion Process, Showing the Puncture in the Arm of the Blood-Seller, and the Lines Through Which the Fluid Passes Into the Arm of the Man in the Bed.

Scientists, after a series of experiments that must seem rather grim to the layman, have learned that the blood of dead persons also can be used for transfusions, if the deceased had no contagious diseases. One European doctor has made 35 successful transfusions with the blood of dead persons and the fluid appeared to be as effective as blood from living donors.

In many parts of the world there are not nearly enough professional blood donors to meet the needs of sufferers from disease or mishap, and it now seems possible that supplies of blood taken from the dead can be sealed in containers and shipped to these places ready for use when emergencies arise.

If the donors of blood get small reward for their sacrifice, they also get little honor outside of the medical profession, because it is the custom in France and other European countries to conceal the names of donors from patients. This is considered wise to protect the poorly paid donor from complaints of the patient, if transfusions are not successful, and to spare the patient a sense of personal gratitude and obligation to the donor. In short, transfusions are strictly business—and not very profitable business.

The Spectacular Flame Dance That London Banned



Jeanne Devereaux in the Number Called "Moth and the Flame," Which Was Cancelled by the London County Council at the Palladium, Because of Safety Reasons. Nightly the Flame Would Consume the Paper Wings of the Dancer.

THE dignified members of the London County Council dropped into the Palladium the other night to pass judgment on one of the dancing numbers of the tuneful and eye-filling show. The charming object of their observation was Jeanne Devereaux, as shapely and graceful a disciple of Terpsichore as has tripped on a London stage for a long time. It might be assumed, from the photograph at the right of the page, that the city fathers were concerned for the morals of the Palladium's patrons. But such was not the case.

To a man the members of the Council agreed that Miss Devereaux's dance was "very fetching," an exhibition of skill and grace to which only the stuffiest prude could object—but, also to a man, they ruled that the young woman would have to change her routine.

As the photograph at the left shows, the dancer's "props" included an oversize candle almost as tall as herself. In narrowing circles she danced about this candle in a set sketch described on the program as "The Moth and the Flame." With the well-known weakness of moths for fire, the girl swung closer and closer to the candle until her wings (fashioned of fragile and highly inflammable paper) caught fire and went up in a flash of flame.

This part of the dance never failed to thrill the audience and it was in keeping with the spirit of the dance, but the Councillors just couldn't be convinced that those burning stage wings might not, in some way, ignite the scenery and spread.

At the close of the performance, which they admitted enjoying immensely, the Councillors went backstage where they met the unsinged Miss Devereaux in person and were shown her costume. The young woman explained that the top was made of cloth treated with asbestos and that it could not possibly catch fire. The manager of the theatre explained that the dancer, at the high point of her divertisement, is in the center of the stage where the momentary bonfire made by her paper wings cannot spread to the scenery.

The Councillors listened patiently and respectfully, but they banned the dance.

Miss Devereaux Shown in Another Phase of the Dance, After Her Wings and Part of Her Costume Had Been Burned Away. It Was All Very Fetching, Say the Council Members, but It Was Too Dangerous.

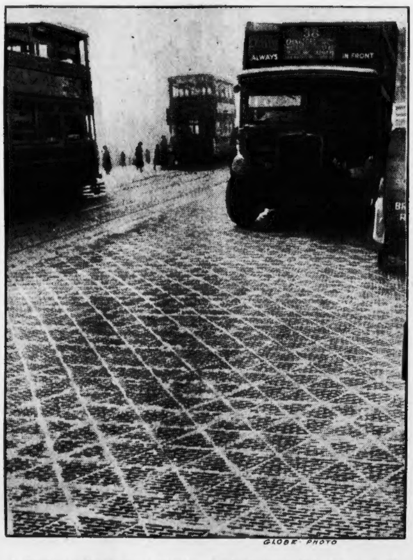
Streets Paved With Non-Skid Ornamental Iron

HUNDREDS of miles of modern highways have been built in the British Isles during the past few years. Smooth roads of macadam and concrete have replaced roads surfaced with gravel and cobblestones and every year the network of up-to-date arteries for the country's increasing volume of motor traffic spreads. At the moment, however, a short stretch of roadway in the community of Islington, is getting a great deal of attention not only from road builders but from people who know nothing about the science of constructing highways that will stand up under the constant wear and tear of buses, trucks and automobiles. This road, which is in the nature of an experiment, is fashioned of iron plates.

As the photograph below shows, the plates are not smooth but are embossed with a regular pattern of tiny ridges that run crosswise of the road. This pattern, according to the makers of the material, is as practical as it is ornamental. Even in rainy and foggy weather the chances of a bus, or an automobile skidding on the iron highway are not as great as on smooth-surfaced concrete or macadam highway. The little ridges present a rough surface to the treads of tires.

Laboratory tests of the metal surface for roads indicate that it is more durable than certain types of highway and much less expensive to maintain. Alloys mixed with iron prevent it from rusting and give it a certain toughness and flexibility not found in ordinary cast iron. The makers of the material make the claim that, when properly laid, the iron plates will not get out of alignment because of changes in temperature.

It may be that iron highways will be laid all over England during the next few years, but the nation's leading road builders are going to find out first how well the Islington highway stands up before they give this type of road their official okay.



GLOBE PHOTO

A Section of Upper Street, Islington, England, Paved With Iron in an Experiment to Find the Most Durable Surface Covering for City Highways.

Baby's Wild Ride On Deer's Antlers

WHEN little Stanley Hubert, the year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hubert, grows up he won't remember the time he was taken for a ride by a buck deer. But his mother probably never will get the picture of that ride out of her mind.

The youngster and his five-year-old sister Mary were playing in the back yard of their home at Harrison Mills, British Columbia. As Mary tells the story—and she is known in the neighborhood as a truthful child—a buck deer came out of the woods close by the Hubert garden and walked right up to her and her baby brother.

"At first I was afraid," said Mary, "but the deer wasn't and neither was Stanley. The deer walked right up to the baby and smelled his head. Then it stuck out its tongue and licked Stanley's face. I guess his tongue must have been sort of rough because Stan began to cry and put up his arms to cover his face. Before I had time to think what was happening the deer's horns were caught in Stan's red wool sweater and Stan was lifted high off the ground. The deer turned around quickly and headed for the woods and the creek. I didn't know any animal could run as fast as that deer did with Stan bouncing up and down and yelling louder than I'd ever heard him yell before."

Mary shouted, too, and her mother ran to the back door just in time to see the buck and her baby plunge into the woods.

Her screams were heard by next-door neighbors who joined in the chase, unmindful of who or what they were chasing until they caught up with the almost hysterical mother.

For several hundred yards the pursuers followed the deer's tracks until they came to the shore of Steelhead Creek. It was apparent that the buck had crossed the 30-foot wide stream on a fallen tree that spanned it 10 feet above the water.

Frantically, Mrs. Hubert ran into the shallow stream to scan the stony bottom for the red sweater she had knit with her own hands. Little Mary and the neighbors joined her. No sign of baby or sweater.

The excited searchers were climbing up the opposite bank of the creek to go deeper into the woods when they heard a lusty cry. Back across the stream ran the mother, mumbling a prayer that some miracle had saved her baby from harm.

Whether her prayer had anything to do with it, or not, is hard to say—but there in a clump of bushes was the youngster bawling his protest against such violent goings-on. He was unhurt.

White Canes for Blind Pedestrians

THE motorists of Memphis, Tenn., now pay as much attention to white canes as they do to red lights. When a driver sees a person with one of the conspicuous walking sticks in his hand, he knows that the owner of the stick is blind and that he has the right of way over automobile traffic.

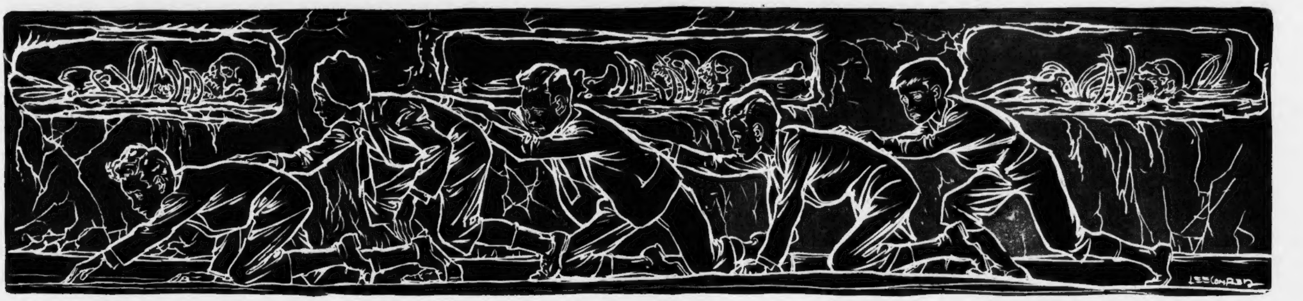
Taking official action on the recommendation of the local Lions Club, the city fathers passed an ordinance giving sightless people the right of way at all street intersections. The new and sensible ruling states that all citizens robbed of the blessing of sight shall carry white canes as a symbol of their misfortune and as a warning to motorists that such citizens shall be protected on the community's highways whether the traffic lights are red or green. The ordinance also prohibits anyone except a blind person from carrying a white walking stick.

When the members of the Lions Club decided on this move to make the city's streets safer for their fellow men who live in eternal darkness they were provided with a complete list of the sightless men, women and children living within the city limits. Letters were sent to these people explaining that the civic authorities had promptly passed the white cane ordinance and offering to present every blind person in Memphis with a white cane.

The sticks, so essential to a person who hasn't the boon of vision to take him safely through the streets, were not standardized. The Lions generously offered to give each blind person just the sort of stick he liked best. The response was quick and varied. Some said they got along better with long canes with crooked handles. Others requested long canes with knob handles. Still others found it easier to carry short sticks, not much longer than those "swagger sticks" that British soldiers affect. The range of choice was unlimited and each blind person got exactly the size and type cane he liked best. And, of course, all of the canes were finished in snow-white paint to give them the greatest possible visibility.

Several of the recipients of the canes expressed their gratitude for the "new deal" that was theirs because someone had a very sensible and helpful idea.

Lost in the Catacombs—Led Out by the Feet of Christian Martyrs



Through the Blackness, Slowly, Foot by Foot, the Five Boys Crept, Luigi, the Sergeant of the Balilla, Crawling in the Lead and Patiently Feeling in the Soft Rock for the Smoother Surface Worn Down by the Feet of Christians Dead for Centuries.

Terrifying Experiences of Five Schoolboys Astray Without Light in Rome's Black Labyrinths of the Dead and How They Found Their Way at Last to the Outer World

ROME, January 4.

"AND just then our light went out," said Luigi Pietravalle, one of five Roman school boys who crawled around for two days and nights in the haunted depths of the catacombs of St. Calistus, that black labyrinth of the dead which winds for six hundred miles beneath this ancient city.

So, quite simply, he describes the moment when a horror few have felt claimed them.

For when the light failed and the blackness shrouded the five boys, their situation became about as hopeless and terrifying as it could possibly be. There are guides who with plenty of torchlights know their way around certain parts of the catacombs, though nobody ever knew them all and many miles are still unexplored. But these children did not know them at all. They did know that around them were skeletons, queer paintings on mouldy walls, rats and passages leading everywhere or nowhere, for they had seen these before the light had gone out.

They also knew that they must grope their way out or add five more skeletons to this city of the dead. There could be no rescue parties because nobody would dream that they had managed to get into the place. They had been playing truant from school and had slipped in at an old, long-abandoned and supposedly safely barred entrance for the very purpose of avoiding embarrassing notice.

Yet they did escape. They did it by following unseen paths smoothed by the feet of Christians dead for near two thousand years, and by the feet of monks and mourners centuries after.

Probably no miracle by any Christian martyr whose bones once lay in those same catacombs, surpassed this one of courageous resourcefulness.

Officers of the Balilla, the Italian Boys' Military Organization, Examining a Youthful Recruit.

The Funeral Service of a Martyr in the Catacombs During the Persecution of the Christians. From the Painting by Anton Grasz.

Barred Entrances to Tunnels in Catacombs of St. Calistus, Rome, Where the Five Boys Were Lost.

There was Luigi, who is fourteen; Cesare Delucia, who is twelve; Nello Benegnini, who is eleven; ten-year-old Dandalo Destefani, and nine-year-old Orazio Pischetti. All are members of the Balilla, which is made up of boys between the ages of six and fourteen, and is like the Boy Scouts only much more military. No one can be a full-fledged Fascist unless he has risen from the Balilla. Luigi is a Balilla sergeant.

It was very reprehensible of them to play hookey, and even more so for Luigi, the sergeant, but boys are boys the world over and they decided they needed a holiday. Luigi and Nello had school-box lunches—bread, some sausages, a bit of fish and cheese and fruit. Dandalo's contribution was a salami and pepper sandwich. There was a small bottle of red wine of the mild vintage drunk by Italian children.

So they set forth on their picnic. Luigi carried a flashlight because it is part of a Balilla sergeant's equipment. It was their guilty consciences that betrayed them. As Luigi tells it:

"Yes, we ran away from school. We knew it was wrong and we know it even better now.' We do not expect to do it again. We walked over toward Ostia (the seashore), but we kept seeing people who would have made us go back if they had seen us first, so we wondered where we could find a place to eat without being disturbed.

"We came to an entrance to the catacombs. It was the big catacombs—St. Calistus. It was an old, old entrance and there were bars over the entrance to keep people out, but something or somebody had bent one of the bars and Orazio, who is little, slipped through. So did Dandalo and Nello, but Cesare and I had to climb over the top of the bars and even that was a pretty tight fit."

The daylight filtered along the passage for a few yards, and they went back to where it was dimmest so that they might not be seen from outside while they ate. Beyond was unrelieved darkness. Luigi flashed his light and they saw that the passage dipped and led downward. There were some pictures on the wall at its end. They trooped down so that they might see them closer. The light picked up an entrance to a big chamber, along the sides of which in niches and on shelves were a number of stone coffers and chests. They were delightfully mysterious, so they decided to look into one or two.

They crossed the chamber, climbed up to a niche, looked into it, and a yellowed skull stared at them from a heap of crumbling bones.

"Just then," says Luigi, "we thought we heard somebody calling in the passage. There was another opening and we slipped into it. I don't know what the sound was, but it certainly seemed to be two or three men, and, of course, they could only be after us. So I turned off the light and, hand in hand, we ran a way along this tunnel. We stopped and could hear nothing. I turned on my light and we were in another chamber. There were three or four openings to this, and we couldn't tell which one we had come through.

"We picked the one we thought was the right one and went on. But I soon knew it wasn't the right one. Then we came to a long set of steps that went way down, and I stood at the head of those steps and I knew we were lost.

"I pointed the light down to the bottom and there were a half a dozen little circles of red light. I said to myself, 'That's rats!'

"And just then our light went out."

Luigi stood there, fumbling with the flash, but either the batteries had run down or the bulb was broken. He admits he felt a little cold and sick inside him.

"Little Orazio started to pray," says Luigi, "and I told him that wasn't a bad idea, but to remember what the Duce had once told us—that after you have prayed awhile, you have to do the best you can yourself if you want to get out of trouble.

"So we prayed a little, and then we went through our pockets for matches. Between Cesare and me we had exactly thirty-two. They were the little wax ones which are often hard to light and don't last long.

"The first thing to do, of course, was what we would do if we were on campaign and had strayed away from the company in desert or jungle. Put our food and drink together and ration it out as the need came. I took my school-box and Cesare's, Dandalo's sandwich and the wine. I told Cesare to light one match, and while it burned quickly divided the sandwich and saw that the three younger boys had their sip of wine. Then Cesare and I had a sip, and the match went out."

They sat there in the blackness, munching their bit of bread and salami, while Luigi used his brains as he thought the Duce would want him to. They must not get separated, that was the first thing. He broke the silence, ordering that when they started each was to hold fast to the other—like blind boys. He would go first, then Cesare with the matches. He would carry the school-boxes strapped to him. Nello would take the wine.

"And while I was talking," says Luigi, "the idea came to me. It was as though somebody whispered it to me: 'Follow the track of the feet.' It came like a flash, and instantly I knew it was the only way of escape. You see, the Catacombs are cut out of tufa, which is a very soft rock. I knew about these Catacombs of St. Calistus and how the Christians began digging them out early in the second century. I knew the early Christians used to bury their dead in them, and the later Christians, too—thousands and thousands. Also they used them during the persecutions as churches, and I knew there were many secret entrances that open out into the fields and into alleys in Rome itself.

"I reasoned that the feet of all these people who had been treading it for centuries had smoothed down the tufa where they had walked, and I reasoned that they probably walked no more than two together following the ones who had the torches, and that they would have gone along the middle of the passages.

"Therefore there ought to be a fairly narrow, smoother part in the stone and a rougher part on its edges where people hadn't walked. If we could feel out and follow this path the feet of those old Christian martyrs had smoothed, we ought to reach an entrance they'd come through.

"So I told Cesare to hold on to me while I crawled around a bit, and I crept and felt around and, sure enough, there was a part that was worn and on the sides of it rougher rock. I told them what I had in mind and made them feel the path and it cheered them a lot. And we started.

"Well, we crawled and crawled. It was tiresome work and I often had to stop. After a while Cesare had to take my place while I just walked along following. But mostly I did the crawling. After all, I was a sergeant of the Balilla and the responsibility was mine.

"We lost all track of time. We began to get sleepy. We stopped and I rationed half of one of the lunches among us. We were thirsty but another sip of wine was all we could afford. We went to sleep in a huddle. All of us were very stiff when we started out again, and had to rest far too often.

"After a while we had bad luck and good luck. We saw a dim light ahead of us and thought we had come to an entrance. We forgot how weary we were and rushed to it. But it was only a luminare—that is one of the slits in the ceiling which were made when the Catacombs were built to lighten, for some reason, a certain part of the tunnels. If we could have gotten up to it we might have broken it enough to have crawled out. We couldn't get up to it.

"Nevertheless, it was light even if dim. We didn't know whether it was evening light or morning. We ate and drank a little more wine. Then we curled up to each other and all went to sleep. I don't know how long we slept, but when we woke up the light was still there. So we went out of that place and down again on hands and knees, feeling for the track in the darkness.

"Our knees got so sore that we took quicker turns at crawling, the others holding on and walking crouched up behind each other. There was trouble whenever the path forked. We always followed the one that seemed most worn. We kept creeping and sleeping, and now the wine was gone and only a few crumbs left of the food. It didn't seem as though we could go on much longer, and I was thinking that perhaps the best thing was to order Cesare and Nello to go ahead and leave us, and if they got out to send rescuers. I would stay with the younger two, who were in very bad shape.

"But just then Orazio said, 'Listen, do you hear something?' We listened, and we did hear something overhead somewhere near. It was a rumbling sound. We crept on in its direction. The rumbling grew louder and then we began to hear auto horns.

"Next thing we could see a light faintly coming around the next bend. We ran around and saw what looked like rods of white-hot iron sticking down through one side of the passage. They were bars of sunlight coming through holes in some old masonry, and the mortar was very rotten, but at first we couldn't break through. Finally we knocked a stone loose, which let some others fall down, big enough for us to get out.

"The light blinded us at first, and then we saw we were close to the ancient tomb of Cecilia Metalla, on the Appian Way, miles from where we had gone into the Catacombs. We looked like scarecrows. Some people saw us and took us back to Rome and to our homes. That's about all—except that never again will we play truant."

Despite their hardships the boys were in astonishingly good condition, a tribute to the fine physical training the Balilla get.

There are hair-raising tales of whole parties of persons who have vanished in the Catacombs, but these are mostly not true, because usually the authorities know who goes in and send rescue if they do not come out. However, during the holy year of 1925, twenty pilgrims managed to stray away from the main body and get lost in the Catacombs. After a terrifying, all-night wandering with their last torch out, they saw daylight through a chink in the roof of a passage. Climbing up, they managed to lift a slab and escape into a graveyard.

A peasant woman praying at a grave nearby witnessed this eruption of wild-eyed men and ran screaming to the cemetery authorities with the information that twenty devils had just come up from the infernal regions.

Mysterious Ray That Can Make You Disappear?

IMAGINATIVE fictioneers have written many a yarn in which the hero, or villain, caused all kinds of baffling and hair-raising complications because he possessed the power to make himself invisible, like some character out of an Arabian Nights' dream. The movie makers of Hollywood have done the same theme even more impressively, what with an ideal medium for this sort of thing and the seeming marvels of trick photography to aid and abet them in their efforts to entertain.

And now comes an Hungarian inventor, a Mr. Stefan Pribill, who claims that he has perfected a machine which will give anyone the apparently impossible power of invisibility.

Just how the trick is done Mr. Pribill declines, for the nonce, to explain in detail. All he will reveal to scientists and laymen is the fact that he has an apparatus which generates mysterious rays, which, focussed on human beings, or on objects not specially treated to resist the powerful beams, make these persons or things disappear as though they had vanished in thin air.

The photographs on this page—if the Hungarian inventor may be taken at his word—demonstrate the amazing effects, if not the workings, of his interesting discovery. The picture at the left of the page shows two live and solid young women. At the inventor's request they put on colored glasses which he said were necessary to protect their eyes from the mysterious emanations and mounted a small, box-like stage. A cameraman was invited to place himself and his picture-taking apparatus a few feet from the subjects. He snapped their picture before Mr. Pribill had gone behind a screen and thrown the switch which puts his device into operation. And when the plate was developed there were the girls, as real as life.

Some moments later the photographer was told to take another "shot" of the young women—one sitting in a chair and the other standing beside her. The result is shown in the picture in the center of the page. The subjects are still to be seen, but dimly, as though they were human wraiths gradually losing weight and substance and melting into the air around them.

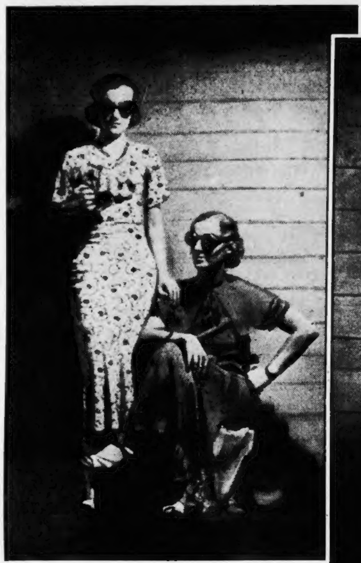
The picture at the right of the page—and the cameraman swears that he was not in cahoots with Mr. Pribill to play a trick on anyone—was snapped a minute or two after the second exposure. The young women had not left the stage. They talked to the photographer to prove their presence. But he couldn't see hide nor hair of them and neither could his camera catch a trace of them.

Suddenly a buzzing behind the screen became lower in pitch and then stopped. When the noise was gone the black-spectacled occupants of the little stage popped into full view again.

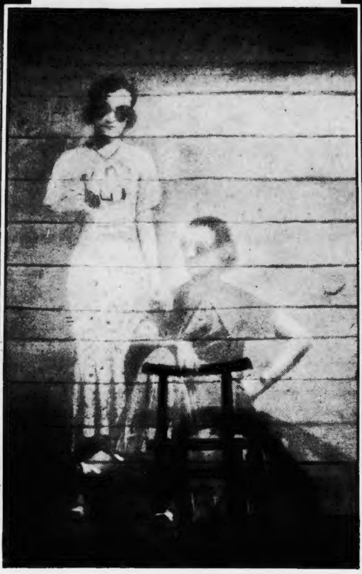
This was all very fascinating to several learned men of science who were invited to sit in at the demonstration. The chair, said the inventor, had been painted with certain chemicals that resisted the rays.

Several laymen with healthy bank balances are said to have promised Mr. Pribill sufficient funds to continue his experiments and develop the supposedly rich commercial possibilities of his ray-shooting machine. But the scientists who attended the seemingly supernatural show in Vienna want to take a long, close look at the device. And some of them expressed a desire to take that little box-like stage apart to find out whether the disappearance of the young women wasn't the result of some clever piece of stage magic such as might be performed, with the right "props," by any one of several magicians who make their living mystifying theatre audiences.

Two Women Subjects of the Interesting Experiment, Shown Wearing Protective Eyeglasses as the Ray Is Directed at Them.



Going! Photograph of the Two Subjects as They Apparently Begin to Dissolve, but Whether It's the Ray or a Clever Magician's Trick—Well, That Is What Scientists Are Trying to Discover.



GONE! Nothing Remains Visible but the Wall in Front of Which the Women Stood—and the Chair. Mr. Pribill Says It's a Scientific Discovery.

$15,000 a Year for Her Hats

PARIS.

THE Baroness Platen, who moves and has her being in the rarefied atmosphere of the upper reaches of the French capital's higher social brackets, is one of the most popular women in the country—especially with the milliners. When Madame alights from her limousine before their shops, she is met at the door with those charming and eloquent salaams and speeches at which the Gallic vendor of "La Mode" shines like a button on the tunic of a gendarme on parade.

Of course, the Baroness has other interests, and leads that sort of full, rich life possible only to those fortunate few who have lots of time on their hands and ample supplies of francs in the bank. But among the modistes who create chapeaux as peculiarly Parisian as the Eiffel Tower and the twisting alleys of Montmartre she is most distinguished for the amount of money that she lavishes on her well-groomed head.

Such stories are often exaggerated, but it is reliably reported that the Baroness sets aside something like $15,000 a year just for her hats. That's in the neighborhood of $300 a week, which is a lot more money than Britain's Queen Mary spends for her top-pieces, numerous and celebrated as they are.

The Baroness Platen, reasonably enough, is not concerned with what other women—including Europe's royal ladies—spend on their hats. Millinery happens to be her weakness, or her strength, whichever way you look upon such hobbies. So long as she has the means she will allot as much of her income as she chooses to her hats, and, apparently, will yield to no woman in the matter of original and ultra-exclusive bonnets.

It may be that there is more than a modicum of feminine felinity in their attitude, but there are women in Paris and elsewhere who are frank to say that they think the Baroness could get much more than she does for her investment. The "disney" Her Grace is sporting in the photograph at the right, for example, drew fire from more than one member of the fair sex who attends the races at Longchamps, and rides of mornings along the bridle paths of the Bois de Boulogne. It is, they say, "just too Gaby Delys."

Baroness Platen, Who, Say Her Friends, Probably Spends More for Her Millinery Each Year Than Any Other Woman on the Continent.

Mails His Voice To Mother Every Week

EVERY week the postman—and he doesn't have to ring twice—delivers a well-wrapped package to Mrs. Emma Colvin, of Marion, Ohio. The bundle is plastered over with queer-looking stamps, none of which bear the likenesses of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, nor any other great man of these United States. The cancellation marks show that the package was sped north from Barranquilla, Colombia, in the cockpits of mail planes.

As soon as Mrs. Colvin can get the wrappings off the package she goes to her phonograph. With eager fingers she puts a record on the machine and sits down to hear what her son Robert has to tell her of his life as a construction engineer on the new docks the Colombian Government is building in the harbor of Barranquilla. When she has "played" both sides of this record, she takes it off and puts on another, and then a third black disc.

The "concert" takes the better part of an hour, and during this time—while her son is talking to her—all other interests cease for Mrs. Colvin. Sometimes she shuts her eyes and imagines that her boy, grown up and making his own way in the world, is there in the room. Her ears and her heart drink in every word, and, as she often says, "these little talks are worth a dozen letters because they are so real and alive."

At the end of the day, when Robert's sister, Grace, who lives with her mother and teaches classes in high school, comes home, the "concert" is repeated and the two women sit down together to hear how things are going with a young man who mixes words of affection with strange tales of the people, the customs and the sights in a far country.

"Usually," says Mrs. Colvin, "Robert starts off, 'Hello, mother dear,' and then he goes on talking to us about his work and his friends. He never makes speeches. He just chats easily and naturally, and sometimes, when he tells us something amusing, he laughs, and his voice seems to fill the house. It's good to hear him laugh. We laugh, too, and it brings him very close to us.

"Now and then he 'goes native,' as he puts it, and reels off a lot of Spanish to show us how well he can speak the lingo of the men who work under him. Sometimes he lapses into a sort of Indian patois. This isn't as musical as the Spanish, and he always translates these parts of his talking letters into good, plain English, so that we'll know what he's talking about."

Mrs. Colvin has saved every one of the "talking letters" sent to her by her resourceful and affectionate son. She has them filed in the order of their arrival and frequently "plays" them over.

A Wandering Photographer's Snapshot Made in Rural England and Shown in a London Gallery Under the Title, "Ah, but That's a Funny Story, Mother!" The Pup's Smile Seems to Indicate That He Was Born With a Sense of Humor.

Mexico's Curious Statue of Liberty

FOR many months a huge and curious figure has been rising on Janitzio Island, in the Mexican State of Michoacan. The island is in Lake Patzcuaro, in the western part of the hot-blooded republic on the under side of the Rio Grande. It is a popular place with American travelers, who have remarked on the similarity of the statue, from a distance, to the world-famous Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

The monument, which towers more than 100 feet and which can be seen for miles in every direction, is a sort of statue of liberty because it is a modernistic likeness of Don Jose Maria Morelos, a priest who took a leading part in the revolution which freed Mexico from Spain in the early years of the nineteenth century.

As public monuments go this one has been described as "advanced" by admirers of modern Mexican art and as "monstrous" by painters and sculptors who hold to the belief that statues, whether they're figurines that can be held in the palm of the hand or heroic constructions on the order of the Mexican statue of liberty, should be patterned closely on the lines of the original. In other words, that they should look as much as possible like the persons, animals or things they are intended to represent.

Guillermo Ruiz, the Mexican sculptor, who designed the gigantic memorial on Janitzio Island, doesn't care a caballero's hoot whether the disciples of the classic and naturalistic school like his version of a revolutionary padre or not. It suits him and it has the okay of the government officials who commissioned him to design it and supervise its construction.

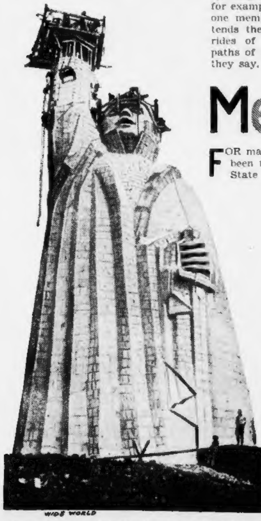
Senor Ruiz conceived his memorial to Don Jose Mario Morelos in terms of simplicity and strength—the virtues which history tells him the living Man of God possessed to an unusual degree. The blocks of stone which cover the steel framework of the big statue are combined into no flowing, windswept cassock. Such fabric folds as they suggest are straight-up-and-down, clean-cut, sharp-cornered boldly modernistic. The upraised arm—which contributes much to the similarity of the monument to America's Statue of Liberty—is ponderous, block-like in its moulding.

All its impressiveness, as a gesture of leadership, is invested in its immense bulk and its elevation against the tropic sky. The other hand is even more bluntly fashioned. It is a chunky, square-cornered fist gripping the hilt of a sword formed by a couple of courses of the stone projecting slightly from the rest of the figure. This, of course, is emblematic of the priest's revolutionary spirit which played its part in making the country which once was called New Spain the independent Republic of Mexico.

It is possible that a beacon of some sort will be placed in the high tower which is the statue's right arm as a guide to travelers by land, water and the air, and as a reminder that liberty is dearly bought and the reward of dynamic humans with the courage of their convictions.

One highly placed Mexican official has pointed, with pride, to the ambitious and expensive statue as proof of his country's broad-mindedness in honoring individuals who played important roles in the country's checkered history. Apparently he was referring to the present anti-religious spirit that is rampant in Mexico and telling the world—and particularly critics of the present administration—that Mexico can see virtue in the attitude and action of a religious leader and give credit where credit is due. In Michoacan, the Senor explained, Don Jose Maria Morelos is something of a saint, and the huge statue will make it impossible for Mexicans ever to forget him.

The revolution, in which Done Jose Maria Morelos was an inspiring leader, broke out in 1810 and was cleverly timed with the bitter war which the mother country was fighting with Napoleon at home. The insurrection was suppressed for the time being, but broke again and led to Mexico's independence in 1824.



WIDE WORLD

The Monument to Don Jose Maria Morelos, Designed by Guillermo Ruiz and Under Construction at Janitzio Island, in the Mexican State of Michoacan.

Mrs. Muench's Bogus "Gift From God" Baby

Astonishing Conspiracy to Rob a Servant Girl of Her "Love Child" Laid Bare in the St. Louis Court and the Mother Given Back the Little One

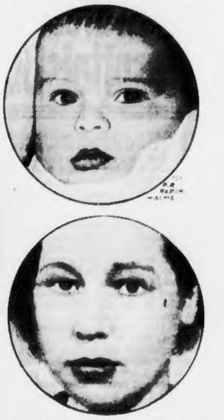
Mrs. Nelle Tipton Muench When She Was One of the Leaders of Fashionable Society in St. Louis and At the Time When She Was Charged With Kidnaping.

(c)1935 by P.R. Papin

The "Gift From God" Baby Which Mrs. Muench Claimed As Her Own, But Which the Commissioner and Court Decided Was Not.

NT'L

Anna Ware, the Unmarried Mother, Whose Baby Was So Strangely Taken from Her.



The Faces of the Disputed Baby and Anna Ware, Showing the Likeness in Mouth, Eyes and Nose to Which the Commissioner Referred in Awarding Her the Child.

Mrs. Muench As She Appeared in Court When She Defiantly Protested That Anna Ware's Baby Was Her Own.

Anna Ware, At Left, and Her Sister Who Aided Her in Her Fight to Regain Her Child.

"MRS. MUENCH did not give birth to a child on August 18, 1935. The child in custody of this court is not the child of Nelle Tipton Muench or Dr. Ludwig O. Muench."

So stated Special Commissioner Rush H. Limbaugh, after listening to nearly four weeks of testimony—and was Nelle's face red!

Mrs. Nelle Tipton Muench, 44, former society leader of St. Louis, Missouri, had announced a blessed event. She had even called it a "child from God." Her husband, a physician in good standing, not only acknowledged the paternity of the baby, but solemnly issued a birth certificate certifying that he had delivered his wife of the child in their home on that date.

But no event whatever happened in the Muench home on that day, the courts have held, except that somebody went out and snatched a newborn baby from Anna Ware, a 19-year-old unwed mother, and handed it to the Muenches, who almost, but not quite, palmed it off on the world as their own.

In his report to the St. Louis Court of Appeals, which that court made haste to accept and confirm, Commissioner Limbaugh wrote:

"Childbirth for any childless woman of her age would have been attended with great difficulties and personal dangers. For such a critical event in the life of any woman, and particularly that of the wife of a physician, living on a plane like these respondents in a large city, hospitalization, expert medical attention and skilled nursing are all considered indispensable to the life and well-being of both the mother and child.

"Approach to the event of expected childbirth for persons like respondents Muench could not have been easily made in secrecy, or without a revelation of the evidences of what was about to occur.

"It is difficult to conceive how the event of childbirth to Mrs. Muench could have occurred under circumstances which raised such a question of doubt whether the event did occur."

After a remarkably clear review of other evidence, Commissioner Limbaugh writes:

"It was shown by experts who examined it (the baby) that it had characteristics strikingly similar to Anna Ware. The photographs of the child shown in comparison with both Mrs. Muench and Anna Ware, revealed a most pronounced likeness to the nose, the eyes and the mouth, while showing no marked points of resemblance whatever between the child and Mrs. Muench. The indescribable but eloquent expression of motherly instinct and affection revealed by Anna Ware when she first saw the baby in court, was significant.

"The child is the child of Anna Ware."

It was also necessary to explain why Mrs. Muench was moved to tear a newborn baby from its mother's arms, get her own husband, a physician in good standing but not an obstetrician, or one who attended childbirth, to pretend that he had delivered his own son himself and issue a birth certificate. Mrs. Muench had hailed the alleged "blessed event" as:

"A gift from God, in my hour of need."

What was the hour of need which made the 44-year-old former society matron foist 19-year-old Anna's child on the world as her own? The Commissioner covers that motive as follows:

"Mrs. Muench was then under indictment for participation in the kidnaping of Dr. I. D. Kelley, a wealthy St. Louis physician, and her trial on that charge was to be held in Mexico, Mo., just one month later.

"Her purpose to secure and pretend that she had given birth to the baby was presumably conceived, in part at least, for the purpose of enabling her to gain sympathy from the jury trying her in the kidnaping case, although the evidence fairly warrants the belief that she may have had even more ulterior motives in mind."

A jury of farmers acquitted Mrs. Muench of being the "finger woman" who had pointed out to gangsters the wealthy Dr. Kelley and how to kidnap him. The militant, red-haired daughter of a Baptist minister, she denied any knowledge of the crime or of connection with the underworld, defending herself spectacularly against everyone, including photographers.

Seeing a battery of cameras lined up to "shoot" her on the first day of the trial, Nelle stepped from her car and opened fire on them first, throwing handfuls of flour into the lenses. Through this white smoke screen she marched into court, unphotographed.

Of the other alleged kidnapers two received prison sentences, two more were "bumped off" before the trials by machine gunners in the interests of gangdom, a fifth is still a fugitive and another's trial is pending. But her triumph was short-lived. Hardly was she free than she had to face Anna Ware's habeas corpus suit to recover possession of Nelle's little "gift from God."

While this was not a criminal action and therefore losing it would not involve prison or even a fine, there must have been some embarrassing possibilities. On the first day of the hearing both Dr. and Mrs. Muench refused to answer whether the baby had really been born to Mrs. Muench or not, on the ground that to do so might tend to incriminate them.

This cheerful admission was a blow to many of the city's most respectable and eminent society people who had loyally stood by Mrs. Muench during the kidnap trial. Dr. Muench is an accomplished 'cellist and at their imposing home in a fashionable section of St. Louis the Muenches had often entertained the city's society music lovers. But that refusal to testify on such grounds was a distinctly sour note.

Anna Ware told a pathetic story. Her father dead, her mother remarried, she had been thrust into the world to earn her own living at the age of fifteen, with very little education. However, while 10,000,000 others were reporting that they could not find work, this girl got a job as servant in the home of Frank A. Giordon, of Newtown, Pa. When she was 18, in December 1934, Anna realized that she was to become a mother and says that the father is Mr. Giordon. To quote the words of the Commissioner's report:

"She lived alone with her secret until the following February, when she revealed her plight to Mrs. Giordon, the woman for whom she was working and the wife of the man who was the father of her expected child.

"A plan was suggested by Mrs. Giordon. Mrs. Giordon's mother, Rebecca Winner, one of the original respondents herein, lived in St. Louis. In former years Mrs. Winner had served extensively as a midwife, and Mrs. Giordon told Anna Ware that she had arranged through her mother for Anna to go to St. Louis where, after her child was born, the child would be adopted and Anna would then have the opportunity to begin life all over again.

"The plan obviously relieved the Giordons of a most awkward situation and took the expectant mother far away from all the people she had ever known."

Arrived in St. Louis, Anna says she was met by Wilfred Jones, a St. Louis lawyer, whom she names as still another of the respondents to her habeas corpus suit. Lawyer Jones was supposed to arrange for the adoption and everything and he conveyed the girl to Mrs. Winner's house. There, while she waited for the expected event, came the first suspicions that some sort of conspiracy was afoot. They came in this way, again quoting from Commissioner Limbaugh:

"Occasionally Jones took her out riding in an automobile and on one of these occasions Anna Ware became frightened when Jones asked her to describe the father of her unborn child. She became suspicious of Jones' purposes and feared he would take her child away where she could not see it. She wanted to avoid him and flee, but she had gone too far in the course agreed upon and had no means of helping herself."

Late one evening Jones insisted on taking her for one of these rides and Anna found a strange woman in the car. The stranger asked about the color of Anna's eyes and if her hair was naturally curly. Stopping under a light the two women looked at each other and Anna took careful note of the other woman's features, feeling sure that she was the one who wanted to take her baby. During the hearing she positively identified Mrs. Muench as that woman. To continue the Commissioner's report:

"The baby was born to Anna Ware in the early morning of August 17, 1935. Dr. Denny and Mrs. Winner cared for her at the time. The baby remained in bed with her during the day and until about 11 o'clock that night. At that time Wilfred Jones and a woman dressed in a nurse's uniform came to the home of Mrs. Winner. Anna had been asleep but was awakened by the nurse's voice and was told that she had come to take the baby.

"Anna then asked Jones if he was going to take away the baby at that time of night and he told her that they were going to take it to the Jewish Hospital where she would have a chance to see it. The woman in the nurse's uniform silently picked up the baby from Anna Ware's bed and quietly walked out of the room and out of the house, followed by Wilfred Jones.

"It was something like an hour thereafter that a baby appeared in the home of the respondents Ludwig O. Muench and Nelle Tipton Muench . . . and thereafter Dr. Muench certified that a child had been born to Mrs. Muench at 12:35 a. m., August 18."

When the certificate was questioned by the City Health Commissioner as "extraordinary," Dr. and Mrs. Muench induced two other physicians, Dr. Marsh Pitzman and Dr. Maurice Thompson, to sign written statements that the certificate was all right and that the baby had been born as represented. At the hearing the doctors admitted that they had done this to be obliging and entirely on Mrs. Muench's word and that they no longer believed that she had borne a child.

Lawyer Jones did not appear and could not be found with a summons, during the first week of the hearing. When he finally appeared, Commissioner Limbaugh describes his behavior thus:

"His entire conduct as a party and as a witness betrayed a skilled effort to evade giving to the court the information which he clearly had and which was needed to settle the issues pending."

Jones said that Anna's baby had been adopted by some people named Palmer but he could not tell any more about them because they were his clients and therefore his relations with them were privileged to secrecy. He made the interesting claim that the woman in the nurse's uniform was Mrs. Grace Thomasson, widow of the late Hugh W. Thomasson. This eccentric millionaire made himself forever famous by asserting that he was a little hard of hearing and that Grace had married him without his consent or suspicion that any ceremony was going on because it was conducted in low tones.

There was evidence that the enterprising Jones had found a previous fatherless baby for the Muenches but that it had died at the Jewish Hospital. Jones' behavior on the witness stand resulted in his arrest and indictment for perjury.

The Muenches refused to bring the baby into court, until they had appealed in vain to the Supreme Court against the Court of Appeals ruling. Judge William D. Becker then ordered the baby transferred to the custody of the court, pending final disposal of the case. At this Mrs. Muench shook her fist at the judge and shrieked:

"Nero! You can't do that! You can't do that!"

After the screaming woman had been ejected from the courtroom, someone asked her why she had used the name of that Roman Emperor. She explained that Nero had been particularly cruel to the martyrs and she considered herself a martyr.

Several days later the court heard and denied the Muenches' motion for a rehearing, and the baby was restored to Anna Ware.

Human Ostrich's Hardware Diet Kept Hospitals Busy

"I HAVE a pain in my stomach, Doctor," casually remarked a man as he strolled into the Middlesex Hospital in London the other day.

"Eaten anything unusual lately?" asked Dr. Johnston, as he asked the man to be seated.

"Well, only a pencil case and a large nail," the man replied, and then added, "but that's not anything unusual for me."

Puzzled by this unexpected answer the doctor stretched the patient out on an examination table and was astonished to see the man's abdomen criss-crossed with so many scars it looked something like a road map.

"Why have you had to have yourself all carved up like this?" the doctor asked the patient as he recognized the scars from many operations.

Although he was evidently in considerable pain, the man managed to grin.

"Oh, that comes from swallowing things?"

"What kind of things?"

"Hardware," the patient replied, not without a touch of pride, "practically any pieces that people were willing to bet me I wouldn't swallow, provided they were small enough to get down. They weren't all so small, at that. One time I won a pretty good size wager by swallowing a six-inch pea-shooter. That was at a country fair, and before doing it I persuaded the crowd to make up a 'book'—you know, like they do on horse races."

"Do you make a practice of doing that?"

"I've been able to make a comfortable living out of it—if that's what you mean."

The young doctor shook his head.

"A living maybe—but I'd hardly call it comfortable."

Asked how he happened to get started on such a peculiar career, the man explained that after he grew up he had retained the childish habit of putting things into his mouth. One day he was showing some youngsters how he used to play marbles when he was a boy, and absentmindedly put an agate into his mouth. A good shot made him so elated he unintentionally gulped down the agate. Much to his surprise, and the surprise of everyone who heard about it, nothing unpleasant happened to him. After that he became a professional hardware swallower.

Pins, Screws, Half a Table-Knife, Stones and Glass Fragments the X-rays Showed. All Constituted a Part of the Human Ostrich's Quaint Diet.

For a while he got along without any discomfort, but one day two pennies he had swallowed began to trouble him, and he had to go to St. Thomas' Hospital for his first operation.

He had no idea why he was bothered by some things he swallowed and not by others. Nor could he ever be sure when some particular bit of hardware was going to disagree with him. Even so, despite the fact that this practice had made it necessary for him to have thirteen operations, he was not discouraged. After all, he had established a reputation, and he felt he had to live up to it.

As told to Dr. Johnston, the patient's hospital record was as follows:

> Admitted to Guy's Hospital after swallowing six two-pennies. Discharged well at the end of 14 days.
>
> After swallowing three bits of pins, three large screws and three 4½-inch nails, admitted to Westminster Hospital, operated on, and was there five weeks.
>
> Operated on at St. Mary's Hospital for swallowing four screws, four nails and four stones.
>
> After swallowing half a table knife, went to Charing Cross Hospital, operated on, and there six weeks. Went to St. Thomas' Hospital a second time after swallowing a tin whistle and a pea-shooter, and was there five weeks.
>
> Operated on at Bart's for swallowing five large brass screws, six large nails (size 2½ inches), and discharged quite well again.
>
> Admitted to Guy's Hospital for swallowing six half-inch nails, which took three operations to remove. Admitted to the Royal Free Hospital and operated on for a spoon handle and a brass button. Then to the London Hospital and was operated on for a fountain pen and handle of a fork.
>
> Went to Cleveland Street Infirmary and was operated on for six large safety pins and five hairpins and given up for dead, but got well. After swallowing the pencil case and nail, went to Middlesex Hospital, where he came under Dr. Johnston's care.

The man's career as a professional hardware swallower has covered a ten-year period, and during that time he has had an operation on an average of once every nine months and has spent approximately 57 weeks in hospitals, or more than a full year of time.

There have been other cases in which people have had a more varied assortment and a larger quantity of hardware removed from their stomachs at one operation. William Bartel, another professional swallower, suffered an attack of indigestion after gulping down an iron spike on a Chicago vaudeville stage, and the surgeon who cut him open removed 276 items, including a .22 calibre cartridge and a can opener. Not long ago, Mabel Wolf, of Brooklyn, New York, who was unable to resist the stock in the hardware section of a department store where she worked, had 1,203 articles taken out of her stomach, including tacks, hooks, screws, bolts, nuts, nails, pins, scraps of wire, bits of glass and a teacup handle. When asked why she had swallowed these things she replied that she guessed she did it to be funny, and that was the only explanation she could give.

Amusing Errors In Astronomy Made By Fiction Writers

NOVELISTS may know something about love, although the psychologists smile at their poetical gush, but when it comes to astronomy, they frequently exhibit childish ignorance. Some of them evidently regard a crescent moon very much like a pie that has had an enormous bite taken out of it. Of course, when only a portion of the moon can be seen, they ought to know that the part that is not visible is in shadow—but the moon is all there just the same as it is at full moon. Thus, in their ignorance, these careless writers sometimes speak of a star shining through between the horns of the moon.

Professor Frank C. Jordan, Director of the Allegheny Observatory at Pittsburgh, lists some of the amusing blunders in astronomy which he has found in literature, both ancient and modern, in a recent article in the Journal of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. He starts off with a classical example found in Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," which has these lines:

Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within its nether tip.

However Romantic the Fictionist Might Be, It's Impossible for His Moon to Have a Star Within Its Sickle, and It's Also Unlikely That Anybody Ever Saw a New Moon Rise in the East, as One Writer Has It.

It is impossible for a distant star ever to appear within the crescent of the moon, as already explained, and there are no stars between the earth and the moon. Therefore, no star could pass in front of the darkened surface.

A similar error appears in a recent book, "The Bridal Wreath," where the sentence appears, "At the end of the street in the blue-green sky rode the new moon's sickle, with a bright star within its horn."

"There are two more possible errors in the passage from Coleridge," writes Professor Jordan. "Though the context is not quite clear, it appears that the first half of the night is indicated, at which time the 'horned moon' could not be rising in the east. However, it may have been the waning moon rising before the dawn. Be this as it may, other circumstances referred to in the poem, especially the very short twilight, imply that the ship was sailing in the tropics. The crescent moon then would be lying flat on its back, and there could be no 'nether tip.' A line through the tips would be parallel to the horizon.

"Edgar Allan Poe, in 'The Descent Into the Maelstrom,' commits a very glaring error. A ship whirling about in the funnel of the Maelstrom (an error also, for the Maelstrom forms no funnel), is lighted by the full moon, which shines directly overhead. This happens on the first of July when the full moon is far south of the equator and would barely rise above the southern horizon for an observer in Norway. To add to the error, the moon six hours later is setting in the west, whereas in reality a celestial object in the zenith in Norway would not set at all, but would be in the circle of perpetual apparition. Furthermore, on July 1, Norway would not have any night, and moonlight would be superfluous.

"H. Rider Haggard, in 'King Solomon's Mines' has a party of whites about to be overtaken and slain by a band of savages. They providentially escape because of the occurrence of a total eclipse of the sun during which they stumble along in total darkness for more than an hour. This is truly a remarkable eclipse, for the longest that can possibly happen is a little more than seven minutes, and even then it is not very dark. The evening of the same day they were helped along by the light of the full moon. This of itself is a startling occurrence, for a solar eclipse happens only at new moon, and full moon occurs only after a lapse of two weeks. But in fiction anything may happen. Astronomers so took Haggard to task, however, that this was changed in later editions.

"A young and sentimental writer started a story in this way: 'It was midnight, and the new moon was just rising in the east.' This moon must have got its trolley off the wire, for in the experience of most of us the new moon is always setting in the west, and does not remain visible until midnight.

"Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter in her very delightful nature novels plays fast and loose with the moon. She can have it shining whenever and wherever she pleases, and it can do strange things. At one place in 'The Harvester,' the half moon is just at the tree tops on the western horizon, which is quite proper. But later in the night it has risen clear of the trees and is flooding the country with light. This is, of course, impossible, for the moon never rises in the west. In another place it is stated that the moon every night made a bridge of light across a small lake. This could happen for a few nights, but not indefinitely.

"It always worries an astronomer to see a painting in which the horns of the moon are directed toward the horizon, yet this is a common error. Actually they should point away from the horizon, because they always point away from the sun, which is below the horizon at night. Artists may see more in a scene than the average person, but they do not always see the heavens correctly."

Continuing to discuss the moon, Professor Jordan points out many popular delusions. He remarks that many gardeners and farmers plant things according to the moon—root crops in the dark and aerial crops in the light of the moon, or perhaps just the reverse.

"This belief that the moon exerts a strange influence on vegetation," Professor Jordan continues, "seems to rest partly on the argument that if the moon produces the tides, it should likewise have some effect on the water in the soil. No account is taken of the fact that the moon has the same effect on the tides whether it is in the dark or the light phase. Tides are purely a physical phenomenon, while plant growth depends upon chemical reactions.

"If one argues that moonlight favors plant growth in a manner similar to sunlight, the reasoning is likewise slipshod. We sometimes hear it said at the time of full moon that it is as light as day. Actually the light of the full moon is visually only about one six-hundred-thousandth as strong as full sunlight. A simple photographic experiment demonstrates this difference. Whereas in full sunlight an exposure of one hundredth of a second will produce a strong negative, in moonlight an exposure of two hours, or 720,000 times as long, will be necessary. So it is an exaggeration to claim that moonlight can exert any appreciable photosynthetic effect on vegetation."

Makes $35,000 A Year Supervising Street Musicians

TWO STREET singers, who had been trying to collect a few pennies by entertaining the crowd in line before the ticket office of a London theatre, got into a violent argument some time ago because each thought the other was encroaching on his territory. The crowd found the argument more amusing than the singing had been, but the beggars were so mad they neglected to pass their hats. While they were still heaping abuse on each other, another man in shabby clothing, who was also a street singer, although they did not know it, walked over to them and said in a quiet but authoritative voice:

"Here, here! Wait a minute! You fellows come with me."

At first they thought he must be a detective in disguise, but after they had gone around the corner with him, they discovered that he was not an officer at all, but a man who had suddenly been struck by a bright idea.

When he asked them how much they made in a day they admitted that any time they took in the equivalent of a dollar they considered they had done very well; many days the amount collected was half that.

"Yeah, just like I thought," their new acquaintance said. "The trouble with this racket is that it needs organizing. No business can succeed nowadays without organization, and as long as street singers keep working against each other, they are never going to get anywhere."

Then he outlined a plan, and starting with those two, he soon had virtually all of the street singers and sidewalk musicians in London working for him for regular wages. He first put his plan into operation several years ago, and the other day it was reported that his profit from the business he has built up is now equal to about $35,000 a year.

Every morning the men who work for him report to his headquarters, and are given sealed boxes with coin slits in them. Each is assigned a particular district, and is not permitted to enter the territory given to someone else. At the end of the day, the men return with their sealed collection boxes, and the boss takes for himself whatever may be in them. In return, he guarantees each man a fixed income. No one is paid less than the equivalent of $1.25 a day, but some who are skillful musicians or leaders of street bands get as much as $3 a day.

The men are required to work a certain number of hours each day, with time out for meals, and if they are assigned to a distant suburb they are driven out in one of their chief's automobiles. The chief is very business-like. He rehearses the little street bands for days at a time and then makes a study of the best routes for them to follow. He takes out life, health and accident insurance on his best men.

To safeguard himself against any who may be idlers or dishonest, he hires an inspector who goes about the city in a swell automobile and may pounce on his employes at any odd time—just to make sure they are attending to business and have not robbed their collection boxes. Sometimes the inspector changes the boxes, leaving new ones in place of the old.

The man who organized the street singers thinks he has done them a real service. Before, when they wandered around aimlessly, they were continually overworking and overcrowding some districts and neglecting others. As a result, they never collected as much as he guarantees them. But under his organized direction they work better, because they are no longer worried about taking in enough to live on.

"I don't see why anybody should kick if I make a fair profit out of the business," the chief said in a recent interview. "I'm entitled to it, because it was my idea to start with, and because it took somebody like me, with an ability for organization, to make it work. Some people are no good at all at organization and make rotten executives. But others are born to be bosses, and I am one of them.

"Don't think it was easy for me to get started. I met with a lot of resistance at first. Some street musicians did not see the sense of working for me, right off. They had to be persuaded. We had to make them see that if they tried to keep on operating on their own they wouldn't be able to do as well in the long run as they would if working for the organization.

"I don't see why people shouldn't feel just as good over putting coins in the collection boxes as when they used to toss them in hats. Really, they are doing more good now than before, because they are supporting the organization and the organization takes care of its workers."

The Horse That Lived Twice His Normal Age

HOW old can a horse live to be? The age limit is commonly believed to be around thirty years, but now and then nature seems to make a special exception and permits an animal to keep on living long beyond the usual life span of its kind.

No one has been able to figure out how it happened that a horse known as "Old Billy," whose record was recently discovered in England, reached the ripe old age of sixty-two. Scientists are pretty well agreed that there are only four creatures which may expect to live longer than man—the giant tortoise, the German carp, the white-headed vulture and the eagle. Nobody would place a horse among the animals which reach great age.

Old Billy has been dead for over a hundred years, but his history was disclosed the other day by Mr. R. A. Brown, secretary of the British National Horse Association, who found proof that the horse had lived to be 62. First worked at the plough on Wild Grove Farm, Latchford, Warrington, Old Billy was later bought by the owners of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company, of Manchester, who used him up to 1819. On his retirement, he was sent to a farm in Cheshire, where he spent the rest of his days in well-earned ease. A skull that is believed to be his is now at the University of Manchester, and so far as is known, no other horse ever lived as long as he did. By doubling the life span for horses, Old Billy made a record corresponding to about 140 years for a human being, which is longer than any man or woman has been proved to have lived.

While compiling a list of horses that have lived to an unusually old age, Mr. Brown found that the oldest living horse now in England is "Dot," a 48-year-old Shetland pony, owned by Miss M. Gibbs, of Belvoir. The second oldest horse in England at present is believed to be "Mick," who is 47 and was used by a cab driver in Hull for 25 years.

Old Billy Died at the Age of Sixty-Two Years, and His Skull May Be Seen Today, It is Said, in the University of Manchester. No Other Horse Lived So Long.

Among long-lived horses that are now dead, was a Russian pony which was used through the Crimean War as a pack animal, and was finally shot in Devonshire at the age of 49, because of its infirmities. A Welsh pony, called "Tommy," owned first by a Northampton butcher, and then by a fruit peddler, made regular rounds through villages of the district until he died at 52. An Australian horse, "Parmatta," died in 1847 at 53.

Authorities differ over the life spans of various wild animals and since it is difficult to get reliable figures about creatures that are not born in captivity, opinions are often largely a matter of speculation. But by making use of the best evidence he could gather, Professor A. D. Peacock, of the University College, Dundee, Scotland, not long ago, made an interesting tabulation of the greatest recorded ages of various creatures.

He could find no proof that the elephant usually outlives man, the longest authentic record found by him for an elephant being 70 years. Nor could he discover any evidence that the whale, which has also been supposed by some people to live longer than man, had ever actually done so. The greatest attested age he found for a whale was 40. On the other hand, he says that the giant tortoise unquestionably lives 150 years, and probably 200. Attested records show that the German carp has lived 150 years; the white-headed vulture, 118 years, and the eagle, 104 years.

Although they are not likely to do so as a rule, he says four other birds, two fish and one variety of shellfish have been known to live 100 years. These are the crow, parrot, raven, Eider duck of the Arctic, salmon, shark and a giant mussel called "Tridacna gigas."

Professor Peacock says that a sea anemone once lived in a zoological laboratory for 66 years, and that the insect record is held by a fire beetle found alive in a piece of wood which it must have entered 37 years before. Ant queens have been known to live for 13 years, but the longest-lived flea is 18 months, the record louse is 7 weeks and the housefly, disregarding doubtful cases, lives only 34 days.

A toad, he says, is known to have lived for 36 years, an alligator for 40 and an eel for 60. He gives the record for a goose as 57 and for a hen as 30.

Major Stanley Flower, another British authority, has published the following list of probable age limits:

Rhinoceros, 45; hippopotamus, 40, bear, 35; tapir, 35; ape and monkey, 30; cat, 30; giraffe, 30; hyena, 25; sea lion, 25; cattle, 25; camel and llama, 25; wombat, 25; fruit bat, 20; porcupine, 20; pig, 20; kangaroo, 20; dog, 20; seal, 20; squirrel, 15; beaver, 15; hare and rabbitt, 15; mouse and rat, 8.

In discussing the life spans of different types of animal life, Mr. Carl W. Neumann, the German scientist, has said:

"The reasons why many species reach a comparatively high age, while others fail to do so, can be explained neither by size, by rate of growth, by sluggishness or activity of habit, by a limited progeny nor by an excessive fertility."

Some of the accredited age records listed by him are:

Crane, 50; heron, 60; owl, 68; dove, ostrich and woodpecker, 70; gull, 44; cuckoo, 40; sheep, 15; goat, 15; stag, 30; roebuck, 15; reindeer, 16; elk, 20; wolf, 15; fox, 10; lion, 25; tiger, 20; guinea pig, 7; magpie, 25; blackbird, 18; canary, 24; salamander, 12; tree-frog, 10; fresh water pearl-mussel, 70; fresh water crabs and leeches, 20; angleworm, 10.

One curious fact that has been pointed out is that queen bees, although constantly laying eggs that will produce whole communities of descendants, live as long as five years, while the workers who gather the honey usually end their careers in about six weeks.

Modern Shylocks

Punishment at Last for New York's Wicked Loan Sharks Who Tear Their Pound of Flesh Many Times Over From Their Victims

The Soul of a Usurer Being Carried to the Hell He Deserves—From a German Picture.

Mrs. Harry Smith and Her Son, One of the Pathetic Victims of the Shylocks. Her Husband, Driven Desperate by Threats and Demands for Exorbitant Interest, Disappeared, and Wandered Back a Month Later, Dazed and Weak From Hunger.

Shylock Demanding His Pound of Flesh While Portia Pleads for Mercy.—From the Painting by the European Artist, V. A. Bruckmann.

Detectives Bringing Into Headquarters a Group of Alleged Sidewalk Loan Sharks in Brooklyn. The Prisoners Are Shown Trying to Hide Their Faces From Photographers.

Samuel Faden, One of the Worst of the Shylocks, Who Was Sentenced to Three Years in the Penitentiary.

SHAKESPEARE, the greatest dramatist the world has ever known, drew such a powerful characterization of a heartless money-lender, the **Jew Shylock**, that the name of this character has stood ever since as the synonym for a cruel, soulless usurer.

But things have not improved very much among money-lenders since Shakespeare's day, 335 years ago. Indeed, according to sworn testimony in recent weeks in New York courts, the almost incredible ferocity of modern New York Shylocks eclipses the rapacity of the old Italian money-lender. Shakespeare's Shylock proceeded in a perfectly legal manner. He hated a worthy, philanthropic citizen of Venice who interfered with his money-lending operations because the kind-hearted man obliged friends with loans and asked no interest at all.

At last the day came when the kind-hearted man found himself temporarily in need of money. This was Shylock's opportunity and he drew up a contract in which it was "so nominated in the bond" that if, on the day and date the loan came due, the philanthropist did not make payment in cash, Shylock should take his pay in a pound of flesh to be taken nearest the man's heart. There were no laws forbidding usury in those days and it was agreed in the terms of the contract of the loan exactly what Shylock should be entitled to.

In court Portia saved her client on a technicality. The contract permitting Shylock to help himself to a pound of the debtor's flesh did not say anything about also permitting him to shed any blood in the proceeding. Shylock, who had no lawyer, accepted his defeat and the terrific fine imposed on him.

But with the scoundrelly loan sharks who have, one after another, been convicted in New York, their transactions were unlawful from beginning to end. As Justice Hackenberg, in Special Sessions Court, Brooklyn, said to one of them, Frank Milone:

"You sidewalk bankers are not properly called Shylocks. Shylock claimed his pound of flesh in court and when he lost he went home. You fellows terrorize and intimidate your victims with clubs and blackjacks and in other ways."

Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey showed that 600 to 800 per cent a year was considered moderate interest by these lenders and that they actually collected as high as 20% a week or 1,040% per year. These usurious deals were illegal and neither principal nor interest could have been collected legally. But the victims, all poor people, let the legitimate bills of grocer, butcher, landlord go along with the rent, the gas and the electricity to satisfy these vultures. When even these methods were not enough to appease them, some of the victims fled to other cities, hiding like criminals and some actually did resort to crime to raise the interest money.

The testimony against Sam (Curly) Kurland and Sam Faden showed why the poor wretches preferred to pay them rather than the tradesmen. Herman Alexander, a fur-worker, told how he began by borrowing five dollars at a time from Kurland and paying back six at the end of a week. He had always been able to do this and Curly had always been most cordial.

One day he made the fatal mistake of asking for a loan of $50 for a week. Kurland handed it right over without any security but said he would have to pay back $58 at the end of the week. Mr. Dewey reminded the court that this was at the rate of 832% interest a year. At the end of the week the furrier could only pay the $8 interest and big-hearted Curly consented to let it run along on that basis indefinitely. At that rate, in a year Alexander would have paid him $416 in interest and still owe him the original $50.

The next two weeks Alexander wasn't able to pay anything and Kurland said he now owed $65. He fixed that by loaning $35 more, thus making the debt $100 though he had really received only $85, which with the $8 interest paid, brought it down to $77. That $100 debt was to be paid off in five weekly installments of $20 each, plus a weekly interest charge of $5.

For two weeks he duly made these $25 payments, so that Kurland had his money back, all but $27. The next week he could only pay $5, but the following he turned over $25 more. By this time the loan shark had his principal all repaid and $3 profit. Alexander then stopped paying for several weeks, with the result that Kurland informed him that he owed $120. The furrier asked how long he would wait for the money. The Shylock then demanded his pound of flesh, as follows:

"I'll wait until you get out of the hospital. I am going to cripple you."

He gave the man just one more chance, laying for him the next day where the furrier worked. When Alexander had no money for him, the loan shark smashed him in the face with his fist but ran when his victim screamed for help. That night Alexander fled to Philadelphia and hid for six months. No sooner did he return than Kurland found him and rather than get nothing at all, made a new arrangement by which Alexander was to pay off at the rate of $5 a week. This he did for twelve weeks and for the thirteenth made a payment of $35 for which Kurland called the rest of the debt paid. From this Shylock's point of view it had been poor business for he only succeeded in making his victim pay $183 for the use of $85, for almost a year.

In trying to buy his freedom from Curly, the unhappy Alexander had borrowed from Sam Faden, who was even more expensive. For a loan of $75, he exacted interest of $15 a week, which Mr. Dewey pointed out to be at the rate of 1040 per cent a year. By the time he ran away to Philadelphia, Alexander had paid Faden $147 for a loan of $35.

Louis Zaslow, who runs a little automobile repair shop, told of getting a series of small loans from Faden at fantastic interest rates but he always paid them. Even that did not save him from violence. His partner, a man named Fisher, fell into Faden's clutches and could not pay. When the loan shark sent word that he considered him responsible for his partner's debts, Zaslow at first paid no attention. But one day the shark and two gangsters called at his room in the Holland Hotel. Zaslow described the visit as follows:

"They had like guns in their pockets. Like gunmen they came and started to beat me up, and Faden he told me I'd better dig up that money or he should come again and kill me. My head it was streaming with blood so I don't remember no more."

Mrs. Ossie Coyle, proprietress of a beauty parlor at 571 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, testified that she had borrowed $200 from Faden, paid him $320 on account and handed a lawyer a check for $300 to settle the balance on as favorable terms as possible. She said the lawyer had managed to do so for $100 but kept the rest himself.

Shakespeare's Shylock had no counsel in court but Shylock Faden was represented by the resourceful criminal lawyer, Edward J. Reilly, who unsuccessfully defended Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Reilly brought out the interesting information that Mrs. Coyle had tried to do what one might expect all these victims to have done, had the scoundrels prosecuted. Faden, who boasted that he "whistled to the police," went boldly with her to the office of District Attorney Dodge.

"You told your story to an assistant district attorney?" Reilly asked, and Mrs. Coyle answered:

"Yes, I did. But nothing was done about it. My husband put his hand on Faden's shoulder and said to the assistant district attorney, 'I want this man arrested. He is a thief.' And they all ran out of the office."

From that it must not be supposed that the district attorney's office was in league with this million-dollar-a-week racket. The Shylocks had political protection and gangster protection, including, it is believed, the late Dutch Schultz, and they operated in a way that made it hard to prove anything on them until the present energetic drive by special racket-prosecutor Dewey, who concentrated all his efforts on this one first. The Shylocks have no offices, no telephones and no books that anyone can find. But there are thousands of people who can get one for you in a hurry.

If a victim tells a policeman, it is the victim's word against the loan shark's. After a couple of thugs have beaten him within an inch of his life, the victim informs the authorities that he must have been mistaken and does not wish to prosecute. Mr. Dewey's arrest of twenty-two ringleaders in one fell swoop, however, put the whole organization in a panic.

Chinese extortionists, when the ransom is a bit slow in arriving, have a habit of cutting off a finger or ear of the prisoner and sending it to the family as a hint to hurry. Sam Faden seems to have read of this method because Mrs. Coyle testified that when she got behind, he said:

"How would you like it if I cut off Mr. Ott's ears and put them here before you?"

Mr. Ott was the person who had introduced the usurer to his victim, but still she didn't like the idea.

"If it were not for your age," Faden continued, "I'd cut your hand off at the wrist and throw it at you."

Since Mrs. Coyle needs her hands in her business, she settled with Faden before he changed his mind.

Harold C. Holmes, a Negro postal employe, stated that the first time he missed a payment, Faden called and said:

"I'll cut your throat if you don't meet your payments. I won't do it myself, but I'll have my boys do it."

Moe Attell, another shark who specialized on Negroes, informed delinquents that he would "comb" their hair with lead.

Though the shark operates in defiance of the law, he sometimes misuses the courts to intimidate his victim. Stanley Lowenski, a Brooklyn truck driver, testified that after paying two dollars a week interest on a $25 loan, Max Rosenberg, a local Shylock, forced him by threats of having his "skull busted" to sign a note for $40, payable Christmas Eve. He paid the note but did not get the paper back. Later he discovered that it had been used to get judgment against him in court for $47.

The same trick was played on Leonard Sersen, a motorman, by two other Brooklyn Shylocks who took judgment on his $150 note after he had paid it, usury and all.

Sam Schulman, a poultry salesman, told how his wife opened the door at 7 A. M., thinking it was the milkman. But it was Kurland, who dashed past her into the bedroom, where the poultry salesman was still in bed. Seizing him by the throat, Curly told the man that if he didn't pay up promptly in full he would be taken for a ride. Mr. and Mrs. Schulman thought they had already given the Shylock every asset they had, but now, in their terror, they remembered one more. On the children's life insurance they borrowed enough to pay off Curly's $50 loan with interest at 692 per cent.

Another witness, Jacob Schreck, was visited by Kurland, but suffered no violence because the Shylock discovered that the debtor owned an automobile and promptly took it away without any process of law at all.

The terrorism system put them above the law until the Dewey drive, and now, one after the other, they have taken their medicine. Kurland got five years in the penitentiary; Faden, three, and others, sentences in various lesser degrees. In begging for mercy, Kurland pleaded that he was a poor man, like his victims. It did not do him much good because Dewey pointed out that like most criminals he kept his family in a hovel and squandered his money in night clubs.

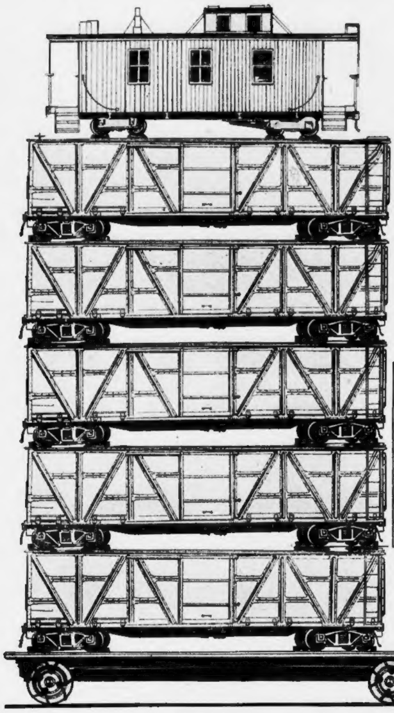
For his client Faden, Reilly objected to most everything that was said, even objecting to the three judges as "prejudiced." He even produced character witnesses who endeavored to show that at least in the intervals when Faden was not after his pound of flesh he was a pious young man. But even this part-time piety did not save him.

Driven desperate by threats of loan sharks, Harry Smith, a laundry worker in the Bronx, disappeared from his home not long ago, and his wife told the police she had received letters demanding $1,000 for his return. This money was supposed to be the accumulated interest on an original loan of $25. Mrs. Smith said that in one letter her husband wrote that he had been given permission to write because it was his son's birthday. A month later Smith walked into a precinct police station at 2 o'clock in the morning, weak from hunger and exposure and unable to answer questions, or unwilling to do so through fear of what the loan sharks might do to him.

Out of twenty-two men rounded up by Mr. Dewey, twenty-one Shylocks have been convicted. Thus it has been proved that rackets can be broken up when one honest, determined prosecutor really wants to do it.

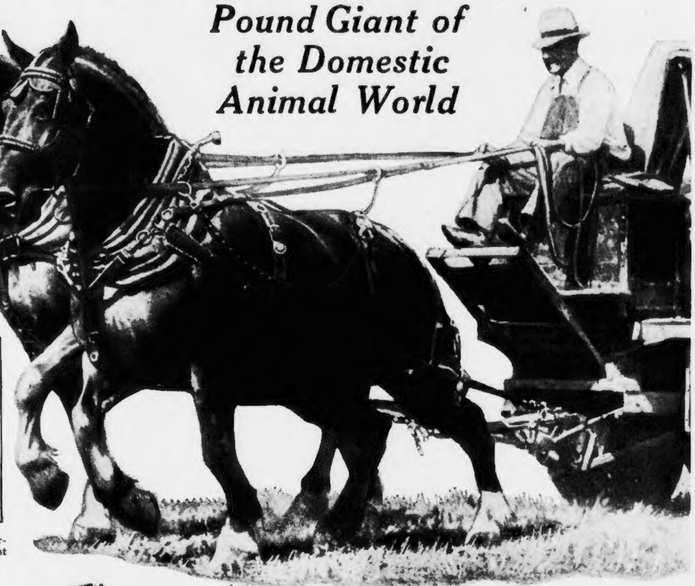
Animated Locomotives Haul 260,000 Pound Load

How Man Has Improved on Nature in the Evolution of the Horse From a Little Four-Toed Creature Up to a 2,000-Pound Giant of the Domestic Animal World



If Five Ordinary Railroad Box Cars With a Caboose for Good Measure Were Piled in a Giant Wagon They Would Represent About the Weight That "Rock" and "Tom" Pulled When They Established Their World's Record of 260,000 Pounds.

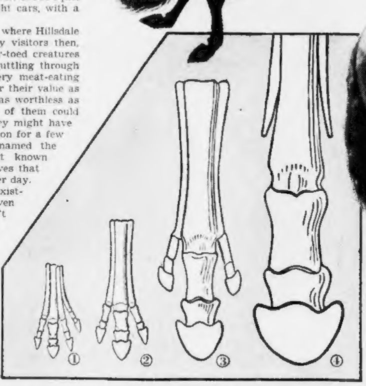
The Insignificant Eohippus, a Four-Toed, Cat-Sized Creature, Earliest Known Ancestor of the Horse.



"Rock" and "Tom," the World's Heavyweight Champion Horses, Driven by Russell Sando, Established the Remarkable Record of Pulling a Weight Equal to a 260,000-Pound Rolling Load in a Recent Contest.

At Left, the First Horse That Bore a Hoof Was This Queer Looking Animal About the Size of a Shetland Pony With an Ungainly Large Head.

A Pictures of a Modern Draft Horse, a Stocky, Huge-Muscled Giant—A Long Jump From the Tiny Worthless Eohippus.



An Interesting Diagram of the Development of the Horse's Hoof, Starting With the Little Four-Toed Foot of an Eohippus, 1. Then, 2, the Three-Toed Foot Later on in Evolution's Scale and, as the Center Toe Grew Bigger, the Two Side Toes Shrunk in Size Until They Failed to Reach the Ground, as Shown in No. 3. In No. 4 the Horse's Hoof Is Fully Developed and Only Two Splints of Bone Jutting From the Main Leg Bone Indicate What Is Left of the Extra Toes of the Eohippus.

IN HILLSDALE, Michigan, recently two giants of the draft-horse world, weighing a ton or so each, dug their iron-shod hooves into the ground, tensed their massive shoulders, threw their weight against the traces, and established a world's record for pulling contests by hauling a load equal to 130 tons—260,000 pounds; about equal to the weight of six empty railroad freight cars, with a caboose tacked on for good measure.

Some 60,000,000 years ago, on the spot where Hillsdale is today, a visitor, if there had been any visitors then, might have seen a herd of timorous, four-toed creatures about the size of an ordinary tom-cat, scuttling through the brush, at the mercy of virtually every meat-eating animal that roamed the earth. Except for their value as food for these animals, they were about as worthless as a last year's automobile license. If two of them could have been trained to work as a team they might have been able to pull a small boy in a toy wagon for a few yards. They were what science has named the Eohippi, or "dawn horse," the earliest known ancestors of the modern animal locomotives that established the record at Hillsdale the other day.

The "dawn horse" led a precarious existence. He was too small to fight, and, even if he had wanted to battle, nature hadn't provided him with weapons. So he learned to run. The faster he became, the safer he was. He learned to run on his toes for speed, and this threw his weight largely on his center, and largest toe. Gradually this became bigger. The nail on it became tougher, and the other toes, little used, grew smaller and smaller, until they have finally disappeared, leaving only an enormously enlarged single toe with toenail which is the hoof of today.

That, briefly is the evolution of the horse from a worthless nonentity in the animal world to a mighty beast with a cash value in the United States in 1935 of one billion four hundred million dollars; and that figure includes only the working horses and mules. It doesn't take into account the fancy priced elite of the equine world, the race horses, the five-gaited saddle horses, the polo ponies and other blue-bloods which often are worth thousands of dollars each.

The selective breeding of horses by mankind has been traced back some 5,000 years by ancient manuscripts, cuneiform writings on rock, and wall paintings and sculpture. But most of this selective breeding was aimed at increasing speed, rather than power. In 1935 what is described as the most important advance in the breeding of draft horses since the dawn of horse history occurred at Chicago when the world's first stallion-pulling contest was held at a race track.

Pulling contests themselves are comparatively new. They were described as a "depression sport" at the county fairs of the Middle West, but 5,000,000 enthusiasts watched 300 such contests in the Fall of 1935, indicating that the "depression sport" is here to stay.

But it was not until 1935 that the dilettante of the stables—the lordly stallion—was put to work. He had always been given the best of food, the best of stalls, and the best care, but nobody ever thought of making a high-priced breeding stallion do an honest day's work in the traces. His job was to perpetuate his strain. No one wanted to risk injuring a piece of property worth thousands of dollars by hitching it to a plow.

This program of all play and no work had a number of bad effects on the horse-breeding industry. Some of the lordliest-looking of the huge beasts were fat, weak-muscled, lazy and mean. Some were stupid. Some lacked what horse-men called heart: the courage and will to do. They passed these physical and mental weaknesses on to their progeny. But nobody could tell just how flabby they were, because they never were called upon to work. None could say how dumb they were because they were handled so little, and there wasn't much chance of finding out just how mean they might be.

Up until a few years ago a horse was a horse. Few farmers ever knew the pedigrees of the animals they owned. Most of them never had a chance to see them work until after they had bought them. In the "David Harum" days of the industry it was an accepted fact that a horse-trader's chief object in life was to skin some credulous buyer by foisting off broken-down, ailing, blind and otherwise worthless brutes on the customer. Today the farmer is becoming as interested in the pedigree of his draft horses as the race track man is in his running stock, for the farmer has learned what the racers learned years ago—that power and stamina are qualities that can be bred into a horse.

It was with this in mind that the Horse and Mule Association of America conceived the idea of dragging the stallions out of their stalls and proving whether they, as individuals, were powerful, worthwhile, friends of man or stuffed shirts with overblown reputations.

Because it probably would have resulted in a battle royal if two stallions had been teamed together, only one was put on each team, with a veteran of the pulling contests as his team-mate. Hitched to the back end of a truck on which a dynamometer (a machine so geared that it can represent any load, and so constructed that the actual load any animal or machine is pulling can be measured in pounds) had been rigged up.

Joe Deluxe, a stallion owned by Emery Routson, of Covington, Ohio, paired with Rock Borth, a member of the pulling team that later set the world's record, was the winner of the contest. Driven and trained by Russell Sando, owner of the world's championship team, Joe Deluxe and his team-mate pulled a load that had a dynamometer rating of 3,000, equal to a rolling load of ninety-five tons. The two great horses pulled this tremendous weight just 13 feet, 10 inches before they were forced to give up. But the next best team moved it only 10 inches.

It was the first time either breeders or buyers had seen good stallions worked. Frank Berkay, of Ankeny, Iowa, a breeder of blooded draft horses for sixty years, voiced the consensus of opinion when he said: "It's great stuff. It weeds out the lazy and no-account horses. We need stock that has strength and ambition to go, and keep going. It is going to add $100,000,000 to the value of draft horses."

But despite the interest in the stallion contests, the pulling contest between crack teams of working draft horses continues to be one of the greatest attractions at the County and State fairs, where it was started because it was a new idea that didn't cost much to put on.

The world's championship among pulling horses has gone back and forth for several years between two great teams, a farm team and a city team; an Eastern team, and a Middle-Western team. Flaxie and Dan, horse giants, owned by John Adrian, a Williamsville, New York, contractor, upheld the honor of the cities and the East. Rock Borth and Tom, a team of Belgians, trained by Russell Sando, of Piqua, Ohio, represented the farms and the Middle-West. For five years these two teams had won and lost the championship to each other.

These "grudge" battles dated back to 1931 when John Adrian won his first championship by invading the Ohio State Fair, setting the pull at the 3,600 notch, on the dynamometer, defeating the Ohio team on their own home grounds.

Two days later Russell Sando's Ohio team won at Richmond, Indiana, with a 3,625 score. At Hillsdale, Michigan, twenty-five days later both teams ran the record up to 3,650, then to 3,700, and finally Sando carried the tremendous load of 3,800 dynamometer test for the full distance of 27½ feet, as required, leaving Adrian's team exhausted only half-way there.

But John Adrian's team weighed 700 pounds the heavier, so he returned to Hillsdale the next year to set a new record of 3,825, while Sando was not contending. The following year Sando wrested the championship away with a new record of 3,850, equal to pulling a 125-ton rolling load over granite block paving. At the Century of Progress contest, in 1934, he also humbled the city team. But there John Adrian discarded one member of his team and bought Dan, whose work he admired. Dan proved a fine match for Flaxie, and after a year's training, Adrian set a new world's record at Albion, N. Y., at 3,875 dynamometer test.

At the recent Hillsdale contest, he was ready to meet all comers, including Sando. His team was in "tip-top" condition. The race track and grandstands at Hillsdale were crowded with spectators who had come to watch horse history in the making. The day was perfect—and anyone who doesn't think horses are "human" should have seen the way those big fellows "played to their public." The horses pranced up to their contests as proud as prima donnas, and eager for the battle. They never know the touch of a whip nor even the slap of a rein. That's a rule of all contests. They have "a free pull," encouraged only by the familiar calls of their driver.

Then the two chief contenders rapidly carried the indicator up to 3,900—which would be a new world's record. It was equal to a rolling load of 130 tons—260,000 pounds.

The New York champions got the first call, and the horses plunged beautifully into their task. Their deep-barreled bodies squatted low for good toe-holds. Their steel-shod hooves tore into tough sod and sent it flying in a steady stream as they struggled on. Their nostrils were blood-red with exertion as every sinew, every muscle responded to their determination to do their best. But at 14 feet, 6 inches their "pull" stopped, with 13 feet still to go.

Sando's team, in turn, pulled steadily to 15 feet, 11 inches and stopped.

Adrian's second trial started. Again Flaxie and Dan heaved in their collars, started evenly and pulled evenly for 13 feet, 9 inches. Then the sorrel, Flaxie, faltered, stopped, stood exhausted. John Adrian threw away his hat, despairing as it sailed over the packed crowds who stood in silence. One helper was in tears. They knew a new record was beyond their prize team.

Again came the lean and silent Sando with his giant Belgians, quiet and docile as pet ponies, but their ears pricked high to catch the driver's signals. They danced a bit, after the hitch, he quieted them with: "Whoa boys—steady there." Then he eased taut reins. They stepped forward, drawing double-trees and tug-chains snug. They leaned in their collars. At the word "Gtup," they heaved in unison, "broke loose" that monster load, raised high the indicator weights, and struggled away, full tilt.

When they stopped they had set a world record by pulling the weight the required 27 feet 6 inches.

Kicked-Out Rulers Beg to Be Sent Home Again

King George Goes Back to Greece, So the Exiled Emperor of Annam Who Cut Up His Wives Wants His Throne Back, Ex-Maharajah of Indore Wants to Return, and Even Old Abd-el-Krim Asks for a Moving Day

Photo NESMITH and ASSOCIATES.

Scene on the Isle de Reunion, Where the Wicked Former Emperor of Annam and the Moroccan Leader, Abd-el-Krim, Share Their Exile.

Sir Tukoji Rao Holkar, Whose Abominable Conduct Caused Him to Abdicate Before Being Thrown Out by the British, and Who Is Homesick.

Mumtaz Begum, the Unfortunate Dancing Girl Who Was the Center of the Scandal Which Drove the Maharajah of Indore Off His Throne.

Two Belles of Reunion Isle, Where Everybody Leads a Lazy Life—Striking Contrasts to Tanh-Thai's Wives and Lady Friends.

The Former Emperor Tanh-Thai of Annam, Who Complains He Has Taken Pictures of Everything on Reunion Island and Promises to Be Good If Returned to His Native Land.

Annam Royal Dancers, Who Are Also Wives of the King, for Torturing Whom Tanh-Thai Lost His Throne.

Some of the Wives of Abd-el-Krim Who Were Allowed to Accompany Him to Reunion, a Bit of Favoritism Which His Neighbor, Tanh-Thai, Has Always Resented.

BECAUSE King George has managed to get back onto the Greek throne, all the other outcast rulers seem to think the depression is over and prosperity for Monarchs just around the corner.

The first of these Royal unemployed to take his pen in hand and ask for his old job back is Tanh-Thai, ex-Emperor of Annam who lost his job 27 years ago. "Let me rule my people again," he wrote the French Government. "I am not crazy any more. I am getting old and I will be good."

The French having a protectorate over Annam, a country of nearly 6,000,000 people in the Southeastern corner of Asia, deposed Tanh-Thai for shooting his uncle, torturing and killing many of his wives, beating the wife of a member of the French diplomatic corps and otherwise carrying a bit too far the theory that a King can do no wrong.

However, as he points out, he was only 27 then, now he is 55 and has become conservative.

"They have taken George back to the throne of the Hellenes and why not me?" he asks in a long, formal plea, written from Reunion Island, in the Indian Ocean, which the French Government finds handy for parking political prisoners.

At the very same time, another deposed ruler in that very same isle was making a similar demand upon Paris. It was Abd-el-Krim, the "Napoleon of the Riff," who for six years successfully fought the combined forces of France and Spain in Africa until they outnumbered his wild tribesmen, ten to one. Still he held out against them until France "fired the silver bullet," in other words bribed his most powerful chieftains to desert.

Abd-el-Krim also vows he will be good. If the French will only let him return to his native soil, far from stirring up another insurrection, he would use his benign influence in favor of France. He is 50 years old but it is only nine years since he was the worst military and financial headache France has suffered since the war. It is said on good authority that the answer to both these ex-potentates will be No.

A third throneless Monarch is Alfonso, ex-King of Spain, who thinks George's re-employment indicates that the time is propitious for his own comeback. He is a rich man, with all the world to play in except his native country but no King can be happy in exile.

A fourth hopeful Royal gentleman who has mourned in exile with the lucky George is Tukoji Rao III, ex-Maharajah of Indore, whom the British booted off the throne of an Indian principality. This Royal bad-actor lost his job because he mutilated Mumtaz Begum, a little dancing girl and murdered her rich boy-friend Abdul Dawla. He also swears that if the British will only let him sit pretty on his throne again, butter won't melt in his mouth, he will be so good.

None of the regal bad boys will get his job back unless possibly Alfonso, who wasn't so bad as he was careless, and his only chance would be a counter-revolution, which at present most people think most unlikely. Alfonso and the African Napoleon wish each other the worst of luck. It was Abd-el-Krim's long series of astonishing defeats of King Alfonso's armies that first started the Spanish throne to rocking dangerously. What Abd-el-Krim thinks of Alfonso is indicated by the fact that he surrendered to the French unconditionally except for one stipulation—on no account were they to turn him over to the Spaniards.

Tanh-Thai who has the most black marks against him not only says he will be good now but that he wasn't so bad then, as he has been painted. He maintains that shooting the uncle was strictly a family affair and that the French tacitly recognized it as such at the time by making only a perfunctory criticism. As for carving up his wives, that had always been a Royal prerogative in Annam. If the French were so prejudiced against it they should have made a big issue of the point the very first time instead of waiting until they had seven cases against him.

The uncle deserved his fate for incompetence and grafting—in an important and well-paid post to which the Emperor had appointed him. Annam rulers can have as many wives as they wish and Tanh-Thai kept an average of about 400 in three classes. In the top class each wife had 20 servants to wait on her. Also he had an option to marry any native woman.

Before the homeliest and humblest daughter of a beggar could marry, she must obtain a release of that Royal option. For most women that was the simplest formality. But girls with a local reputation as village belles were supposed to be scrutinized by a real beauty expert, and occasionally one of the girls would be sent to the palace to be inspected by that uncle who would decide if she was worthy of passing before the Imperial eye.

One day the Emperor accidentally met the loveliest woman he had ever seen and to his astonishment, learned that she had just been married to a rich man without Tanh-Thai getting a chance to see her. Investigating, he found that the uncle had been releasing the option on all the prettiest girls, for some time, while he had been only seeing, and marrying what were really "seconds." The Emperor was so angry that he lost his head and shot the uncle down on sight instead of ordering him to the torture chamber.

His displeasure fell upon quite a few of his latest wives because each time he saw one he realized how he had been swindled. Now he understands that mutilating and killing them, though proper enough, according to the best school of Asiatic opinion of those days, is out of date at present. Also he is old now and knows that no wife is worth getting that cross about. However, it is not true, as was widely printed at the time, that he cooked the body of one of the murdered wives and forced the others to eat her. Tanh-Thai says that the wife's body was lifted through the roof intact, that he had some monkey meat cooked up and merely told the wives it was human flesh. The thing was just an obedience test.

Lifting the body through the roof is meant literally. For religious reasons, no dead body is ever taken out of a door of the palace. For ordinary persons, even favorite wives, a hole is broken through the roof and the corpse hoisted through it. But when the Emperor dies, a large archway is bashed out of the palace wall.

Tanh-Thai was tried and convicted of murder, torture and other offenses but the French doctors declared him insane.

It was prophesied that deprived of his wealth, power, wives and freedom he would quickly become a raving maniac on the island and die. He did not and now asks for a lunacy test. For 27 years he has lived in a small house with not even one wife and only from one to three servants. All this time his only occupation was photography. He says he has now taken pictures of everything of interest on the island and is sick and tired of being a photographer. He wants to be an Emperor again and get into the news reels like George. Lucky George!

Though he and his fellow-prisoner Abd-el-Krim are the best of friends, the deposed Emperor of Annam has always bitterly complained about the much better deal the French have given the Riffian though he made them no end of trouble for many years.

The Napoleon of the Riff was not born to the purple, like Tanh-Thai. He was a native non-commissioned officer who deserted from a Spanish regiment and by sheer military genius built himself an empire out of French and Spanish protectorates and surrounding lands.

Yet he has with him his two favorite wives, Fatima and Aichan, three of his sons and 20 servants, all living in a castle provided by the French Government together with an income of $1,000 a month. Besides this he is allowed to spend his own private fortune which must be considerable. In a single transaction he forced Spain to pay him 6,000,000 pesetas ransom for an entire army division which he had captured. He gets a better deal than the original Napoleon received at Elba or St. Helena.

Tukoji Rao III, who wants to be Maharajah again, is the saddest looking of all the ex-rulers but many people find it hard to cry over a martyr who has $300,000,000 and got away with what he did. However, Nancy Miller, an American girl, managed to do it and married him. Mumtaz Begum was Tukoji's favorite plaything at the age of 12, for which he would have gone to prison in most lands that pretend to be civilized. Also it was generally believed though never proved, that he had arranged the marriage of a previous favorite to one of his secretaries, only to change his mind later and for some reason have her killed. Also his practical joking would not have been relished in some countries. Where a dusty highway passed the edge of the palace grounds, Tukoji built a lovely, shady pool. There was no fence, no sign, no person visible to tell the hot and weary travelers whether they might bathe there but they should have known there was a catch in it. As soon as they removed their clothes and stepped into the cool water, a gun barked from the nearby vegetation as someone, said to have been the Maharajah himself, filled their hides with bird shot.

However, the mighty Maharajah of Indore was not molested until the Mumtaz outrage. His affair with her lasted a long time, until she was 18 and had a child which was snatched from her arms and slain. At this Mumtaz ran away from the Maharajah and publicly accused him of instigating the murder. It would have been almost impossible to prove, if true, and the British Government still looked the other way. It had trouble enough with the Mahatma Gandhi and other nuisances.

The girl then came under the wing of a rich Moslem merchant, Abdul Dawla, who went about with her publicly and even built her a palace. The Maharajah took this as a deadly insult and before long the merchant and the girl saw such signs of impending vengeance that they appealed for protection to the Government.

A few days later, as the couple were driving on Malabar Hill, Bombay, another car forced theirs to stop. Out jumped seven men identified as being of the Maharajah's official family. These shot Dawla to death and were dragging the girl into their car when a party of British officers, attracted by the shooting, appeared and attacked the assassins with the only weapons they had, golf clubs. The Indians dropped the girl and fled, but first they slashed Mumtaz's face with knives.

The Government went to work on the case. Two of the actual murderers were hanged, one sent to an asylum and four given life sentences. Then the prosecutors turned their eyes to the man higher up, notifying the Maharajah that he would have to stand trial as instigator.

He thought it over a few days and then abdicated in favor of his son, who is the present Maharajah, Shivaji Rao.

Always he hoped that his former subjects would bring pressure until the British would have to relent. His behavior did little to encourage this, especially his marriage to Nancy Miller which was as unpopular in India as in Christian countries.

At first the Hindu priests refused to marry them at any price. Then the Mohammedans jeeringly invited the couple to join their faith. This caused the Hindu priestcraft to weaken and perform the ceremony, but it salved its conscience by demanding a consideration of $100,000 holy baksheesh. Lloyds would probably insure Indore against the risk of his ever being their ruler again for a very reasonable premium.

"*You don't* have to be *rich* to enjoy *rich* whiskey!"

The Friendly
Whiskey
friendly to your
taste
friendly to your
throat
friendly to your
purse

"*Chaser?* *none needed, friends*

NOT WITH THIS WHISKEY"

There's a barrel of quality in every bottle–and it doesn't take a barrel of money to buy it

Just sip it slowly–straight–undisguised, without any mixings or fixings–there's a *real* test for a whiskey. And it's a test that Old Quaker will pass with flying colors! Mellow Old Quaker rolls right down your throat, just as smooth as you please. Not the slightest *hint* of burn. And the taste is *rich!* And its fragrance is rich. And every drink you mix with it is rich. But *you* don't have to be rich to enjoy rich whiskey. Make friends with Old Quaker today!

SCHENLEY'S

OLD QUAKER

BRAND

STRAIGHT WHISKEY

As you prefer in **BOURBON OR RYE** It bears the **SCHENLEY MARK of MERIT**

Copyright 1936, The Old Quaker Company, Lawrenceburg, Ind. Division of SCHENLEY PRODUCTS CO., Inc.

SCHENLEY PRODUCTS CO., INC., 20 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

SCHENLEY'S **RED LABEL**
A creamy smooth blend, welcome to your throat

OLD SCHENLEY
The world's most exquisite straight whiskey . . . Bottled in Bond under U. S. Gov't Supervision

SCHENLEY'S **MAYFLOWER**
Pennsylvania Straight Rye Whiskey

SCHENLEY'S **SILVER WEDDING**
Distilled London Dry Gin

SCHENLEY'S **GOLDEN WEDDING**
America's finest whiskey blend

THE WILKEN FAMILY
BLENDED WHISKEY
The Wilken Family's own family whiskey—*at your price, neighbor!*

SCHENLEY'S **CREAM OF KENTUCKY**
Kentucky Straight Whiskey

OLD QUAKER
Distilled London Dry Gin, 85 proof

The Perfect Butler

by Richard Keverne

A Short Fiction Story—Complete on This Page.

He Said, Thickly: "I'm sorry sir, about this—I hope Mrs. Miles will overlook it, I did my best—I suppose I ought to have told you sir, but I didn't want you to know."

IT was late when they got back from golf: there were patches of fog on the road and the Colonel's car was running badly. Blake served the whisky-and-soda in Robert Miles's oak-paneled study

The Colonel observed Blake with interest as he went about his task, the man had such a magnificent manner Somehow he was just right. Alert, but unhurried, his keen eyes took in everything. Greying sidewhiskers gave the correct touch of gravity to a plump face His voice was low and sympathetic, conveying at the same time a sense of concern and competence. Into the serving of those two long whiskies-and-soda Blake infused both dignity and ritual

Blake drew back and waited while Miles and his brother-in-law took the first pull at their drinks, as if to assure himself that the mixture was exactly to their liking. The Colonel looked over his glass and nodded

"Excellent, Blake," he said.

"Thank you, sir"

"We shall be late back tonight Blake," Miles put in "See that the fire's kept up"

"Certainly, sir. And perhaps you would like a few sandwiches"

"Yes! Yes! Good idea!"

Blake bowed faintly

"I will see to it, sir" He turned to leave, then hesitated "Oh, sir, that lady and gentleman Mrs. Miles wrote about called this afternoon I was to convey to you their compliments and thanks And I was to say that they greatly regretted not having seen you"

"Some art enthusiast Millie's met on the boat" Miles explained for the Colonel's benefit. "That's all right, Blake Did you show them what they wanted to see?"

"Yes, sir. And very appreciative they were, too The gentleman, Doctor Carron, was much impressed by the small portraits I understand he is an authority on old pictures"

"Yes! Yes! So Mrs Miles said All right, Blake You've seen that Colonel Milburn's things are ready for him?"

"That has been attended to, sir"

Blake withdrew with quiet dignity, and the Colonel leaned forward, smiling

"My dear Robert, where on earth did you get your perfect butler from?" he asked

Miles shook his head

"Don't ask me. Millie engages all the servants," he said

The Colonel laughed outright. This was typical of his vague brother-in-law. No other man would let his wife engage his butlers, and no woman but Mildred would have found a Blake.

"But you must know where he was before he came to you," the Colonel insisted

"I haven't the least idea I tell you your sister does all that. Ask her if you want to know"

"Well, he looks as if he'd been with dukes all his life"

"Does he? I don't think I know any dukes. But he suits me. He's quiet and he seems sober. But there's generally a catch with these chaps Thank God, Millie's home tomorrow; I'm always afraid the servants will leave or something when she's away, and she'll blame me for it."

The Colonel grinned as he drained his glass. He knew what Miles meant. Mildred was a dear, but she was terribly competent and exacting. Mildred seldom made mistakes.

"We'd better go and change," he said, glancing at the clock

"Yes, by gad so we had," Miles agreed as if it had dawned on him for the first time that they had a ten-mile drive ahead of them to their dinner party

* * *

Blake [illegible] them off half an hour later, tucking the auto rug carefully about their knees.

His solicitous expression changed as he stood by the front door watching the lights of the car disappear down the drive He remained for some moments, lost in thought Then he glanced appraisingly at the long, low front of the old Tudor house, and he frowned

In the servants' hall a little later, they reckoned that Mr. Blake was worried about something, they even surmised that there'd been a bit of trouble with the master For they all knew that, though Miles was easy-going enough, he had a way of flaring out over things But Mr Blake said nothing, and they settled down to an evening of radio, the last of a very easy four weeks while Mrs. Miles had been abroad, and were rather relieved when Mr. Blake left them He was always funny, they felt, and kept himself too much to himself. They heard him go into the hall and then they forgot him

Blake went into the study, and in the flickering light of the log fire he looked old and harrassed. Restlessly he moved about the room, and then suddenly he returned to the hall, listened, and went on to the long drawing-room beyond Carefully he inspected the window catches and then, with deliberation, he crossed to a cabinet against the far wall It was a dainty thing of Chippendale's design and contained two great treasures, the Holbein miniatures Blake regarded them with interest. It had not taken Doctor Carron to tell him they were valuable He knew they were priceless Quite calmly he placed them carefully in his pocket. He looked around the room to make certain that he had not been observed, and then walked quietly to a wall switch, turned out the light, and left the room

* * *

Ten minutes later he was back in the servants' hall, talking to the cook about cutting the sandwiches They left him there, smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper, when they went to bed soon after ten

For half an hour Blake sat in the servants' hall but he was not reading Rather it seemed at times that he was listening At last he rose, put out the light and groped his way into the hall

The house was very still Only the rays of a late-rising moon shining through the great window on the staircase showed any light in the hall Blake moved softly

Presently he opened the door and slid out. The front of the house was in deep shadow. Blake kept in that shadow and made his way to the end of the drawing-room wing There was an odd little lattice window there that looked on to a tall hedge that surrounded the tennis courts Blake looked quickly to right and left then crossed to the shelter of the hedge

Far away the village clock struck eleven Blake moved uneasily, chafing his hands Suddenly he froze

In the distance his straining ears caught the sound of a motor-car It drew nearer, passed close by the gates of the house, began to fade, then stopped. Blake pressed closer into the thick hedge

Someone Was at the Lattice Window Cutting Out a Pane. He Waited for the Tinkle as the Glass Fell.

Presently a soft rustling sound came to his ears; someone was approaching, moving very carefully across the lawn. The rustling grew more distinct. A minute later a dark figure showed for an instant in the moonlight to be lost in the shadow of the house

Blake stood still as a stone, hardly daring to breathe For a while there was silence, then the figure showed dimly once more. He could guess what was happening; he could even hear the faint scream of diamond on glass Someone was at the lattice window cutting out a pane That would be by the catch, Blake guessed. He waited for the tinkle as the pane fell.

He heard the fumbling at the catch, the soft noise of the window opening back, a little louder the scramble as somebody climbed in. Then there was silence, and Blake tip-toed noiselessly back to the front door

* * *

The cook placed it at before eleven when she heard the noise downstairs; but she thought it was only Mr. Miles and the Colonel returning, and she took no more notice. Bennet, the pantry boy, was more definite, he said it was twenty past, and he was ready to swear he'd heard Mr Blake's voice [illegible] out. But he hadn't [illegible] again and so Bennet [illegible] back to sleep.

The police [illegible] it was eleven twenty-two when someone [illegible] to say there'd been a burglary. It was a man speaking and he had seemed excited though vague

It was at [illegible] that they roused the house and found Blake unconscious on the study floor a wound at the back of his head a trickle of blood matting his badger-grey hair The doctor had just arrived when Miles and the Colonel returned shortly after midnight, and a wiry cynical young man, who was Detective Muir of the County Police met them at the door

There was little enough to explain The drawing room told its own [illegible] with its broken window its disordered furniture the contents of drawers thrown haphazard about the floor and the empty cabinet where the Holbein miniatures had been

Miles was staggered

"Oh, my God! What will Millie say?" he exclaimed and stared helplessly at the disorder

The Colonel, more practical, demanded details

But again there was little to tell Until the police had hammered at the door, the servants had known nothing of the burglary As for Blake, he was still unconscious

They found him on the study floor, his head supported by cushions with the doctor working over him. The doctor was puzzled

"I can't [illegible]," he said shaking his head "From the look of it the blow was not a very severe one He ought to be coming round, but he isn't"

The detective [illegible] as though he expected some such report

Blake Regarded Them With Interest. It Hadn't Taken Doctor Carron to Tell Him the Miniatures Were Valuable. He Knew They Were Priceless.

Kneeling by Blake's side the Colonel shot quick pertinent questions at the doctor, while Miles gazed down at the unconscious form in a dazed way

Suddenly he flared up. The sight of Blake's still grey face had roused him

"What the hell are you doing about it, Muir?" he stormed "They've stolen my pictures, they've tried to murder my butler Are your men taking any action in the matter If so, what? It's monstrous!—it's monstrous!—it's absolutely outrageous!"

Muir winced

"Of course, sir; we're doing everything we can but I must say you were rather asking for it."

"What the devil do you mean by that?" Miles demanded

"Well, sir," he pointed to Blake, "if you will employ a man like that in the house you must expect trouble. It isn't as if you didn't know his history."

"History? What history?" Miles snapped

Muir's face expressed bewildered indignation

"Well sir, you knew he was a convict on parole, but you would have him. We told——"

"What?" the Colonel broke in incredulously "Blake a convict?"

"Of course, sir"

"I never heard a word of it, it's preposterous," Miles stuttered

"But Mrs. Miles knew, sir. She saw the Judge about him. In fact, she saw me too about his reporting every month. We told her what would happen. You can't reform 'em and it's no good saying you can't We told her [illegible] We'd [illegible] to [illegible] but I [illegible] in something [illegible]"

Miles [illegible] staggered. The [illegible] Blake [illegible] at his [illegible]

"I [illegible] Miles [illegible] a [illegible] for [illegible]" he said at [illegible] to the detective "What is the [illegible] history?"

Muir [illegible] off his answer as [illegible] giving [illegible] court

"Released from prison last January with nine months off on a three year sentence [illegible]"

The doctor raised his hand

"Please. Please," he said "This man's very [illegible]"

Muir dropped his voice and became [illegible]

"That's the long and the short of it, sir. He [illegible] before [illegible] long sentence for [illegible] and [illegible] The [illegible] was [illegible] at a place where he was employed"

Miles gasped

"Good God! You mean [illegible] wife [illegible] employed the man?"

"Knew it all, sir He didn't [illegible] references this time I [illegible] back story with it You know [illegible] go straight and all that And I [illegible] a way with him. He has [illegible] excellent homes in the past where he was [illegible] model butler But it's no [illegible] spite of what all the soft-hearted [illegible]" Muir shook his head

The Colonel frowned

"All that's as it may be, Muir," he said "[illegible] seem to explain this business After all he committed this burglary"

"I'm not so sure of that [illegible]"

"Don't be [illegible]" Miles said petulantly "[illegible] doesn't hit himself on [illegible] of the head and wait to be caught——"

"All part of the game [illegible] Criminals, they're as cunning as a cartload of monkeys these crooks I don't say [illegible]"

"What do you mean?"

"Why it's a planned job, sir Blake's [illegible] this with some pals [illegible] everyone [illegible] Steals the stuff passes [illegible] picks up sets the [illegible] like the real thing [illegible] calls the police Quite [illegible] and he gives you his resignation and off he goes It's been done before"

"But what about [illegible]?"

The detective [illegible] a hand as if to brush away the question

"Fake sir The pal gives him a little tap just to [illegible] and make it look O K Then a small shot of dope [illegible] sleep for an hour and everyone believes he's a hero The doctor says it's quite a [illegible]"

The doctor looked up

"Your little tap has I think fractured this man's skull," he said acidly

Muir bridled

"Then his pals have double-crossed him if that's the case Is he going to [illegible]?"

"It may quite conceivably be a murder case," the doctor answered gravely

The detective was shaken. His confidence left him

"This is serious" he said

"Wasn't [illegible] before?" the Colonel asked dryly

"Of course sir but [illegible]"

Suddenly the doctor raised his hand

"Quiet The man's coming round" he whispered

Muir [illegible]

"I told you so" he said

Blake moved uneasily Miles was down on his knees looking anxiously into the man's ashen face Slowly Blake's eyes opened and he blinked For some moments he stared [illegible] way and then his dazed eyes fixed on Miles

He said thickly "I'm sorry sir about this I hope Mrs Miles will overlook it I did my best I suppose I ought to have told you sir But I didn't want you to know" He raised a hand unsteadily to his head

"All right Blake, don't worry," Miles said kindly His face was grave for there was something pathetic in the man's halting apology "Wait till you feel better"

Muir broke in: "Who worked with you, Blake? You'd better own up

The Colonel exclaimed "Damn you! Leave the poor devil alone

Blake did not seem to hear

"But it's all right sir they didn't get them" he went on slowly still gazing at Miles "I took the liberty of abstracting them, guessing what he was up to"

"Who?" Sir Miles asked sharply

"That Doctor Carron. I know him, sir I knew him when I was—in prison. But he didn't know me"

"Good God!" Miles murmured

"I'm afraid he deceived Mrs Miles His real name's Grainger"

"What? Terry Grainger?" Muir queried excitedly

Blake nodded

"He's one of the cleverest jewel thieves in the world And dangerous," the detective explained. Blake's voice was failing

"I reckoned he was after the pictures—when he called this afternoon That's why I took them away sir—in case—of trouble—in Mrs Miles's bureau—." The words were hardly coherent as his head sank back. "I was grateful for her giving me my chance... Shall I serve the sandwiches now, sir?" he added faintly, and consciousness left him

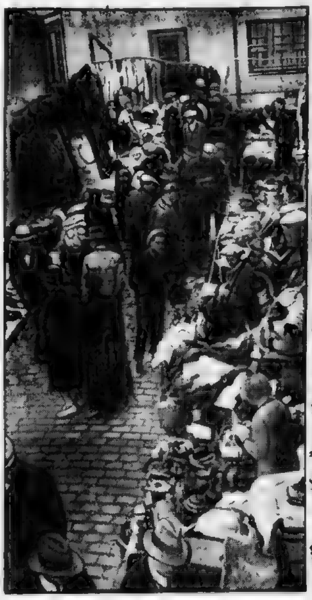
* * *

They found the Holbein miniatures as Blake had said, in Mrs. Miles's writing desk in her boudoir

Blake died at dawn.

Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experienc

Lady Edmee Owen, From Photograph Taken Before Her Prison Sentence.



Famous Old Paris Public Market More Than 100 Years Old, Where Thieves Often Put Stolen Goods On Sale and Other Thieves Make Purchases.

"Charles Loti drew his knife again. He bent down
With two swift cuts he slashed a cross on her right cheek.
"Loti took an indelible pencil which had a long sh
point. Slowly he worked it up and down into the wound,
down and across, ignoring the blood that ran down her che

View of the Courtyard of St. Lazare Prison Where Lady Edmee Was Confined for a Period.

"YOU have no head; but a great heart,"
during her trial in Paris for shooting
Lady Owen had given herself soul and
cian, in whose sanitarium she had been taking tr
Owen demanded that Dr. Gastaud divorce his wi
romance must end.

Her Ladyship loaded her automatic, called at
by the doctor's assistant and the commotion brou

"So you are Lady Owen! Well, I have some

Lady Owen replied with the bullets which w
sentenced to five years' imprisonment but with h
serving a little more than half the time. She w
Owen, a rich English rubber planter, much older
to the $1,000,000 worth of jewelry he had bestow

During those years in prison Lady Owen's
women companions behind the bars and her ma
friends, relatives and sweethearts of the crimina
pages the strange circumstances of her welcome
initiation into their secrets in an underground
experiences among her cutthroat acquaintances

"From that moment, wherever I went, I
Underworld in Paris where I am not an equ
I am safer with them in Paris today in their
of Europe."

Probably no other woman of wealth and title

By LADY EDMEE OWEN.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

NOW that the Paris Underworld had welcomed me as one of them I had opportunity to know intimately and study these strange people and understand their habits of life and code of morals.

In the Underworld you seldom find the men and the women legally married, but you find between them a tighter, if not a finer binding of affection and mutual suffering and experience, than can ever hold two people by a few meaningless words of a marriage ceremony. I say meaningless. To so many those words are not meaningless when they are first spoken. They have an awful significance and a terrific importance, but after a little they cease to have either meaning or actual importance. They may—and so often do—continue to have a superficial importance. But the words themselves mean nothing compared with the great panjandrum of accepted convention and respectability which were responsible for them.

Faithlessness in the Underworld is one of the great sins, and it applies equally to man and woman. A union may be dissolved by common consent. Or it may be dissolved because one party only tires and wants a change. But they must be frank and open in their relations with each other. Death is the penalty of unfaithfulness.

But soon I discovered what seemed to me an incredible inconsistency. I became acquainted with a class of Underworld characters known as souteneurs—men who send their women out into the streets and live on the proceeds of their degradation. And it is not unknown for women to send their men out as professional lovers, and for the men to bring home faithfully the proceeds of their amorous prospering.

But if these souteneurs and souteneuses are not condemned for their mode of life, it must not be understood, on the other hand, that they are respected for it in the Underworld. They just pass unnoticed. It is, perhaps, the fact that it is a profession and not a pastime, that makes their trade less horrible than it would otherwise be. Paradoxically, it is an honest trade with them.

I have known them to spy on their women and set traps for them, using agents provocateurs to watch and report if they do more than their work. But I have also known the same agents provocateurs to be used to keep these women up to their jobs. That is something which is not looked on with complacence by the Underworld. Many a man I have seen marked for life with a knife or a broken bottle by his woman, who has detected him in his spying on her.

I have said that death is the penalty of faithlessness. We may say that this word is used in travesty of its meaning. Yet this is not so. To love, that is real. To be hired out for the price of a week's rent, or a few meals, that is work. To make a play of work and betray one's lover, that is faithlessness. It may be incomprehensible at first thought. But think it out, and it is perfectly logical.

And so faithlessness means death, or yet another alternative—the terrible Croix des Vaches. More usually it is the woman who wears this symbol branded by her peers. But I have seen men, too, who will carry with them to their death this "scarlet letter" of disintegrity.

Once only have I seen the Croix des Vaches actually branded. It was on a woman. I was only an accidental witness, but as I was accepted as one of them, they carried out their ritual as if I were not there. I had happened to be sitting in the Bistro des Anges one evening, seeking, as it happened, a little change from the better known cafes of the Underworld. It was after it was all over that I heard the story, but as it explains the circumstances and many of those facets of character which lead up to such a terrible penalty being exacted from the transgressor, I give it here.

Louise had long been notorious for her lovers. Her joie de vivre was irrepressible and irresponsible. She was fickle rather than false. Like MacHeath, of the "Beggars' Opera," she "sipped every flower and she changed every hour"; and again in the words which Gay has written so inimitably, and others so tritely: "How happy could I be with either were t'other fair charmer away . . " She loved them all. Doubt her honor, doubt her courage, but her love for the particular one in favor—never. They were all affaires du coeur. How she managed to hide them from her man, Charles Loti, is a mystery. In the end, of course, he found her out. But for years she enjoyed her intrigues and her lovers and managed to keep his confidence. And even when he found her out he forgave her. She was so very lovely. But after those first few weeks that followed forgiveness, those first few weeks of remorse and resolutions, she started all over again. And again he found her out.

It was a Sunday night that I came into the Bistro des Anges. Louise was flirting with her latest at a small table. Looking across at her, and seeing her sleek nun's hair and her gazelle's eyes, I couldn't really blame her that she should waste all that on one man. But Charles Loti came in just after me, and he did blame her. He walked straight up to where she sat and denounced her to the whole room. A scene followed inevitably, Louise instead of frankly admitting to her naughtiness defended herself and denied Loti's charge. That put everyone against her. The Underworld hates a liar.

Charles Loti threw himself upon Louise and her lover, and others rushed to his assistance. The lover—I forget his name—was seized by some of the men, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a corner.

Four women, enraged and incensed as women will be in such circumstances all the world over, came up to seize Louise, who promptly threw a chair at them. The table at which she had been sitting was overturned and broken. She bolted to another corner of the room, and was turned away by those already there. She had no friends among that hostile crowd. She had offended against the "law of the pack," and she had offended even more grossly against the law of women. For women of any class will condemn a woman who plays with men and yet wants to keep a hold on one of her own. There was none to help or befriend her.

I watched, feeling sick with apprehension. But I knew that I could do nothing. Alone I could only turn them against me. There might still be a chance by holding my hand of helping her, whereas to take active steps to protect her would only antagonize them the more.

Charles Loti, drawn knife in hand, followed her. I did not know what was coming. If I had, no discretion and no wisdom could have kept me back from that crouching figure which waited, surrounded by inimical mutterings and savage hostility.

I saw the women close round Louise. One she knocked down with a chair swung wide and strongly. But before she could strike again, the other three seized her and bore her to the ground amid a crash of tables and broken crockery. There they held her.

Charles Loti approached her. He made no effort to touch her. The men gathered round the group. There was a short council of which I could not hear the words. Louise, pinned down by three relentless furies, glowered like some cornered animal.

I heard from somewhere a muttered: "Croix des Vaches." Thank God I did not then know what it meant.

Louise gave a horrible scream. That should have told me, for she knew, and all the terror of infinite dread and knowledge was in that awful scream. Suddenly her control gave way, and she became from the lovely wanton creature who had stolen so many women's men, a demented and writhing thing. The men ran to the help of the women from whom she was fast escaping. They held her by sheer brute force. Even from where I sat I could see the stark terror that distorted her face, making her eyes into flaming pools of naked fear. And yet here was a woman reared in a world where fear of death was unknown, where life continued only from day to day, where existence could only be counted on from one hour to th next. Yet here she was—a mad woman, driven t insanity by that strange threat which meant little to me, and so much to her.

La Croix des Vaches.

It could not mean that she was to be cruc fied. That would be too ghastly. But I had n guessed at the truth which was more ghastly th even that death. I was soon to know that it mea a living death, a life wherein she would be shunn by all she had known as friends, and even by thos who were strangers—the life of an outcas despised and rejected by men and women whe ever the significance of those three terrible word was known.

They held Louise fast while three or fou of them cleared the centre of the room. Louis was dragged to her feet. They showed no signs o animosity to her now rather a studied pity seemed to give force to their actions. The women stripped off some of her clothing. She was taken to the center of the room and then laid on her back, her arms and legs stretched out crosswise, each pinioned to the floor by another woman. A man held her head. A woman held a pointed knife over

es in the Underworld

Initiated by a Barbarous Blood Ceremonial Into Their Secrets in an Underground Apache Den in Paris, This Young Woman of Wealth and Title Is Welcomed as a Sister and Writes of Sights and Scenes Police Never See

r ner.
rpened
ip and
k, and

drenched that little shell-like ear, and dyed the ends of her corn-gold hair as it settled in a pool of scarlet on the floor under her. When at last he rose, not even the flowing stream of her blood could wipe away the purple cross he had seared into that once so lovely face."

Visitors to Paris Are Provided With Guides to Take Them to "Dangerous Criminal Dens" in the Paris Underworld. But the Motley Collection of Vicious Characters the Tourists Shudder At Are Professional Actors and Actresses Paid to Play These Parts and Startle and Thrill the Visitors. No Tourists Ever See Real Apache Dens.

"He Was Her Man."

An Underworld "Fence," Receiver of Stolen Goods, Estimating the Value of Jewelry Which Has Been Passed to Him Between Slices of Bread. This Man Is of the L.west Type of "Fence."

'emarked the French judge to Lady Edmee Owen four bullets from her pistol into Madame Gastaud. body to Dr. Gastaud, distinguished French physi- stment to reduce her weight. But when Lady s and ma ry her, he refused and told her their

Dr. Gastaud's home, was prevented from entering ght Madame Gastaud to the door, who said: hing to say to you." unded but did not kill her victim. Edmee was r wealth and influence secured a pardon after s the attractive young widow of Sir Theodore than herself, who left her his fortune in addition d on her. 'great heart" was stirred by the misery of her ny kindnesses to them were appreciated by their world of Paris. Lady Owen relates in these to the Underworld and describes her fantastic Apache den and also narrates many extraordinary n their criminal resorts. She says: was safe with them. There is no den of the al. I am—if I wish it—one of them, inviolate. strange haunts than I am in any great hotel

can boast this sinister honor.

her stomach so that at the slightest move she would gash herself against it. She ceased struggling.

Not a word was spoken. They must have their theater and their sensation, these children of the Underworld. And I waited till the moment when Louise might get up, chastened, and when perhaps I might say a word of advice to her, and of suppliance to her Charles.

Charles Loti drew his knife again. He bent down over her. With two swift cuts he slashed a cross on her right cheek.

For a moment I thought it was more theatre, and then I saw the blood ooze slowly from the two-inch cuts, and knew that this was not a child's play. It was too late to go. The crowd blocked the center of the room. I tried to cry out, but someone thrust a hand across my mouth. I wish that it had been across my eyes.

Loti took a pencil of indelible ink which had a long sharpened point. Slowly he worked it up and down into the wound, up and down and across, ignoring the blood that ran down her cheek, and drenched that little shell-like ear, and dyed the ends of her corn-gold hair as it settled in a pool of scarlet on the floor under her. When at last he rose, not even the flowing stream of her blood could wipe away the purple cross he had seared into that once so lovely face.

The cuts were not very deep. It is not pain, it is degradation; an ineradicable brand by which the Croix des Vaches punishes. Bandages were brought. The flow was staunched. Cold water brought back Louise from the merciful unconsciousness that had claimed her at the end of that barbaric rite.

No one spoke. Someone helped the swaying woman to her feet. They re-dressed her. Several of the others escorted her to the door and pushed her into the outer world

That last act was only symbolic. She might enter again the Bistro des Anges when she chose. No doors in the Underworld would be closed to her. But never again would she find anyone who would talk with her, or sit with her. If she ever ventured to come into the light, there would be skirts drawn aside, and lowered voices and whisperings, or there would be openly voiced comments. All would know why she wore on the cheek that hideous scar. If she approached, little knots of people would turn their backs on her, or become dumb in her presence. And if anyone had the courage to defy the judgment of her world, that same person would be branded even as she was. Only among those who also had been branded might she find companionship. She might have been a leper—except that to a leper at least pity is given. For her there was no pity.

And as long as she lived that purple scar would mark her. Often these cuts fester with the poison from the pencil, and it is many weeks before they heal. And they do not heal clean as surgeons' incisions, but as wide corrugated slashes, so swollen and uneven that no paint and no powder can ever hide their irrevocable disfigurement.

Of all the punishments of the Underworld, perhaps the Croix des Vaches is the most dreaded.

But the Underworld is a world of contrasts. I have just pictured a somber view. And now I will relate an incident of brighter hue.

Lalage had always been something of a handful for Toni. She had all the vices of her virtues. She was by no means every man's woman, but Toni adored her, and she adored him. He spoiled her. There was nothing for which she asked that he did not give her if he could possibly manage it. How he managed didn't matter. She never asked. But her queer whims and fancies led him into all kinds of scrapes, and his adventures on behalf of her caprices would have filled more than one book.

It was in the Cafe de l'Escargot Vert that Toni came up to me one day, and pulling something from his pocket, said simply:

"Regardez."

In his hand he held the most curious rosary I had ever seen. Every bead was of ivory, carved to represent an act of our Lord, beginning with His boyhood and tracing His life to the cross. The rosary was, in fact, the life of our Lord in miniature.

The cross itself, which hung from it, was a particularly beautiful piece of work. Every hair on the head, and in the beard, and every muscle in the body, was detailed. The look in the face was more beautiful than any I have seen in the paintings even of the great masters.

Yet it was not this which had attracted Lalage, and had awakened in her an inordinate desire to possess it. It was the bead carved with the effigy of Christ blessing the little children.

"Lalage is going to have a baby," Toni confided in me. "She expects him tonight or tomorrow, and she wanted so much the rosary of the good father to comfort her. This is it, and I am going to take it to her."

"Of course," I hazarded, "the father gave it to you quite readily."

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I borrowed it—without his knowing. You see, Lalage thinks she will die if she does not have it in her hand when the baby is born, so I dare not risk asking for it. It is of great value; and supposing he should say 'no'? What then? I should still have had to take it and it would have put him on his guard and made it more difficult. Besides, he would have known who had taken it, and gone to the police, and they might have caught me. That would have been impossible. Surely you will see that? I must be with Lalage when she has her baby."

"But he'll miss it?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes. But he won't know where it's gone. And in a week, perhaps, I will send it back. One cannot steal a rosary from the good father." And there was not a trace of hypocrisy in his voice.

"How did you get it?" I asked curiously.

"Pierre and Philippe and Carlos helped me," he told me. "They went to see the father at the church to ask his help. I went too, but I am small, and I hid behind them so he did not see me. Then, while they were around talking, and asking for the blessing of God, I slipped up behind him with a pair of clippers and cut the string, and caught it as it fell and slipped away.

"Then, in case he should think one of them had taken it, they drew attention to its loss, and begged that he search them. What would you? They had all been in the same room, and there is nowhere to hide anything in those barren presbytery rooms. They were very clever, those three. They insisted that they should be stripped. The father was angry at first, but when the rosary was nowhere to be found, he asked their forgiveness, and blessed them."

"And are they not a little ashamed to ask blessing so that you might steal?" I asked him, half seriously.

He looked at me in surprise. "But why should they? It was to help Lalage who is to have a baby. Besides, I did not steal, I have only borrowed. The blessing will undoubtedly do them good. It is a long time since they were at the church, and this has made them go. Lalage will be happy and have her baby with the rosary in her hand, and my friends have had the blessing of God. Soon the good father will have his rosary and everyone will be happy and none will be harmed. What would you more?"

It was quite unanswerable. Lalage had her little son, and recovered quickly, and I undertook to return the rosary. I posted it to him with a letter asking that he should forgive, and told him the purpose for which it had been stolen.

In receipt he wrote me a letter in which he reprimanded me for my use of the word "stolen."

"Is it stolen when it is returned?" he asked. "I am humbled before this unknown father who takes for the mother of his child what should be given him for the asking. He is a wiser man than I, for I know now that if he had asked me I should have hesitated to lend it him for fear I might not have received it safely back; and so he is a better man than I, because he has returned it when I would have doubted it."

Pinned to the letter was a fifty-franc note, and at the foot was a postscript to say that this might help the young mother to have extra nourishment without the necessity of more borrowing.

Certainly some of the creatures of the Underworld are little more than children in their mental makeup and in this class of immature criminals were Aucassin and Nicolette, as they were called.

Aucassin was a petty thief. And he must have been a very inexpert thief, for he was more often in prison than out of it. And for Nicolette life ceased to have any meaning when her man was in prison. No sooner was he caught and imprisoned than she followed him. Any crime would do, however trivial, so long as she might be caught and imprisoned, too.

"But they don't put you in the same prison?" I protested, when she was talking to me.

They could neither see each other, speak to each other, nor even write to each other. But, as Nicolette explained to me so simply, they were leading the same kind of life. She could not bear to be free while her Aucassin was shut up. Besides, he would have the felicity of knowing that she was utterly faithful to him. How, indeed, could she take pleasure from the warm Spring sunshine, and the gay chatter of the cafes when her man was in prison?

The good nuns often asked her how long it would be before Aucassin gave up his thieving so that they might make a little home together and not always be parted.

"They are very sweet," she told me ingen"

(Continued on Page 20.)

Heirs of White Chief's 40 Wives Squabble Over Land

THE British authorities in the province of Natal Union of South Africa have a big problem on their hands They are trying to settle the claims of the heirs of John Dunn, an Englishman who became a Zulu chief, married forty native girls and left enough offspring to [illegible] before they are all satisfied the government may have to donate more land

The precedent of giving land to Dunn's heirs has already been well established, too well established, in fact, to suit the English But, like the dole, when benevolence of this sort has once been started, there seems to be no easy way of stopping it. The British had good reason to feel grateful toward Dunn, for it was largely through his assistance that Zululand was conquered and brought under British control That is the reason they were generous with him during his lifetime, and it now seems that they have got themselves into a situation where it is going to be difficult for them not to keep right on being generous to his horde of descendants

With Zulu logic, the Dunn heirs can see no reason why the immensely wealthy British Empire should not continue to fork over land as rapidly as the tribe increases, even if it should ultimately become necessary to turn over to them [illegible]

All of this started as problems of this sort often start, one [illegible] afternoon, way back in [illegible] Chewing the end of his pen staff, John Dunn sat on a high stool in the Border Agent's office in Natal. The columns of figures in front of him gave him a headache So he looked out of the window, and saw a Zulu girl indolently strolling across the compound In the distance was a line of blue hills, and beyond that horizon lay a mysterious land where almost anything might happen

But nothing ever happened in this office When he closed his eyes, his future seemed to be nothing but a long line of ledgers, stretching out to the vanishing point, like telegraph poles As one of the Border Agent's clerks, what chance did he have of ever getting anywhere?

He climbed down from his stool, removed his eye shade and his black sleeve protectors, and put on his coat and hat

"I've decided to quit," he said, and to the astonishment of everyone who knew him, as soon as he could get together enough equipment, he set out for the "bush," in search of excitement—and he found it

Studying the Zulu language, he learned the habits of the people, and discarding European clothing he wore nothing except a loincloth and a South African headdress Exposed to the blazing sun his white skin was burned until it became a rich coppery brown a shade that was much admired by the Zulu maidens who smiled at him in the various kraals he visited. But John Dunn was no fly-by-night adventurer in search of exotic experiences He had come to Zululand to stay, and one of the first things he learned was that if he was going to live and prosper he would have to behave in strict accordance with native customs

In their own way, the Zulus are highly moral, and one thing they will not tolerate is philandering The girls marry young, but marry they must, and should they disregard this tribal law, both they and the men who have been partners in their misconduct are promptly put to death. Well aware of this fact, and wishing to avoid any such unpleasantness, John Dunn spoke up and said if nobody had any objections he thought he would like to start housekeeping

Not only did no one have any objections, but everyone was delighted—particularly the maidens of marriageable age So he had his pick of black beauties, and as the years went by and his wealth increased he kept taking new brides, until he had forty wives—and a tract of land the size of an ordinary county was needed to support his household

A savage tribal war broke out between two brothers, Cetshwayo and Umbulazi, who both wanted to be king of Zululand Sizing up the two chiefs, Dunn cast his lot with Umbulazi, but he soon discovered his error In a fierce battle, Umbulazi was defeated, and immediately afterwards Cetshwayo was proclaimed king

That was a time when most white men would have felt a sudden yearning to get back to civilization. But not John Dunn. Instead of running away, he went straight to the victorious chieftain, bearing gifts and conducting himself in a humble manner.

"Had I known you were such a great warrior," he said, "I would have gladly risked my life to help you get rid of your miserable, weak brother I was blind, but my eyes have been opened I could have easily escaped, but I would rather be dead and buried near the kraal of a great chieftain than living among cowards."

Flattered by this touching tribute, Cetshwayo pardoned Dunn, and gave him a place of honor at the picturesque coronation ceremony. In time, the white man became one of the king's most trusted advisors.

But success went to the chief's head Having subdued all the black men in sight, Cetshwayo got overly ambitious and rashly decided to wipe out the British. Dunn tactfully tried to make him see that this was not a very good idea Pretty good fighters themselves, the British had a reputation to maintain, and the big white chief across the sea might be offended if Cetshwayo started killing his soldiers This argument had no weight, however, for the mere fact that Dunn, a white man, had kowtowed to him had convinced the Zulu king that he was the greatest chieftain on earth.

Since Cetshwayo felt that way about it, Dunn did the only sensible thing. Without revealing his intention, he quietly gathered his wives, children, cattle and other possessions, and with as many native warriors as he could persuade to follow him, he crossed over into Natal and told the English authorities what was brewing. When troops were sent out against the rebellious King of the Zulus, Dunn went along as guide, and due to his direction, what might have otherwise been a long drawn out and perhaps disasterous campaign was brought to a quick and successful conclusion

After Cetshwayo had been captured and sent to prison, the country was divided into thirteen districts, with a chief over each district, and one of these was Dunn. He was given the largest and richest territory, and in addition he was placed in authority above the other twelve chieftains.

Due to the fact that he had betrayed Cetshwayo, his subjects at first distrusted him, but when they saw he was determined to rule with a firm hand, they decided it was not safe to plot against him, and in time he won back their complete confidence. One thing that helped him gain the loyalty of the tribesmen was the fact that he had forty wives and a compound full of half-breed children, and by this time, grandchildren

A good and just administrator, he taxed his people only so much as they could bear without being driven into revolt, and instead of keeping all of the money for himself, he spent a fair amount of it on public improvements He grew rich, of course, and built himself the finest stockade in the country. He even bought a grand piano, and hired tutors to teach his children English, and how to play cricket.

As his family increased, he kept needing more land, but since he was boss there was no trouble about that. After his death, however, his family continued to expand and it was not long before his descendants began to get into each other's way. Needing more elbow room, they complained to the government that it was a disgrace to the memory of John Dunn for his heirs to be so crowded. Since the Dunns were by this time the most powerful clan in the entire country, when they were banded together in a common purpose, the government was inclined to listen sympathetically. An additional tract of 10,000 acres was granted them, and for a while they were contented

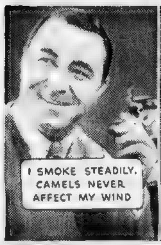
Not for long, however In 1912 they became dissatisfied again. Some had married Europeans, and living in the European manner, did not wish to be considered natives. But they did want more land, so the clan got together and presented another complaint. After considerable argument, the government finally gave in, and granted a new tract containing close on to 100,000 acres. Thus it seemed that bit by bit, the Dunns were bent on swallowing up the whole of Zululand, and the natives who were not so fortunate as to have Dunn blood in their veins did not like this at all

Removed from their own holdings, these natives objected bitterly, and for a while the authorities had a busy time subduing them. Meanwhile, the Dunns kept grumbling and complaining

This has been going on for over twenty years, and all in all, it would seem to be enough to make the British wonder if John Dunn actually did them such a great service when he helped them conquer Zululand It is hoped, however, that the commission established by the new land bill will finally be able to stop the squabbling When each of John Dunn's descendants is given a deed to his just share of land, and told that this is all he is ever going to get, it is hoped that the matter will then be ended But will it? From the history of the case, it appears that the prolific Dunns are a peculiarly land-hungry people

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

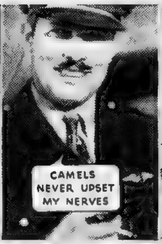
EVERYBODY'S TALKING...ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!


I SMOKE STEADILY. CAMELS NEVER AFFECT MY WIND

GENE SARAZEN—Golf Champion

CAMELS APPEAL TO A WOMAN'S TASTE

MRS. WM. LA VARRE—Explorer


CAMELS NEVER UPSET MY NERVES

ROSCOE TURNER—Famous Flyer

CAMELS ARE A MILDER CIGARETTE !

HOMEMAKER—Mrs. J. B. Feeley

CAMELS DON'T JANGLE MY NERVES

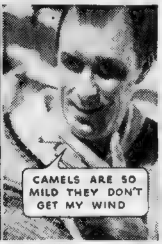
FRANK BUCK—Animal Collector

I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL

CASHIER—Margaret Molony

CAMELS NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT

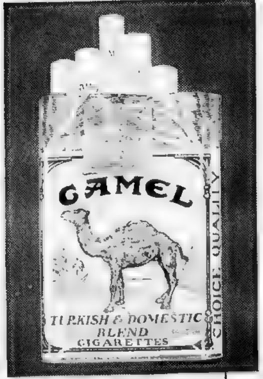
SALESMAN—Allan M. Craig, Jr.


CAMELS ARE SO MILD THEY DON'T GET MY WIND

WM. T. TILDEN, 2nd—Tennis Star

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS mean so much to so many people that we invite you to try them too—confident that they'll win you.

TRY 10 CAMELS NOW!



Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package to us with the rest of the cigarettes in it at any time within a month of this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

READ OUR INVITATION TO YOU

Camels have given more pleasure to more people than any other cigarette. And so we now issue this new "try ten" invitation in order that others can find out for themselves the difference Camel's costlier tobaccos make in smoking pleasure.

You'll find this difference—that Camels are milder. You'll find this difference—they have a rich, pleasing flavor. You'll find that you can smoke Camels steadily, and that they do not jangle your nerves or tire your taste.

Why offer can be made

We know smokers like Camels, once they try the costlier tobaccos in Camels.

Literally millions of people have changed to Camels and found new enjoyment...new benefits. We want you to share their enthusiasm. Turn to Camels. Be one of the vast number who share in the enjoyment and appreciation of those finer, more expensive tobaccos.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

HERE'S A NEWCOMER AMONG QUICK DESSERTS..

the NEW Minute Tapioca!

Cooks in 5 minutes instead of 15

[illegible]

[illegible] with only 5 minutes' [illegible] . . .

It's the NEW Minute T[illegible]

Try it. Follow that new easy-way recipe below. Cook it only [illegible] scalds. Then remove it from the fire. Cool it. Pile it in great, fluffy spoonfuls into your nicest sherbet glasses, and decide: "How'll I serve [illegible]

It's grand, just so. And it's something new and different, every time you serve it—if you'll just pour on a fruit sauce, or fold in a chocolate sauce, or garnish the dish with fruit, or jam, or . . . but [illegible] the FREE cook book for literally dozens of easy, quick variations.

Best of all, the NEW Minute Tapioca is economical [illegible] servings in every package. Minute Tapioca is a product of General Foods.

- **CHOCOLATE NUT CREAM**—Top your new fluffy Minute Tapioca Cream with a few nuts and pour on a rich chocolate sauce.
- **BUTTERSCOTCH DELIGHT**—Serve custardy new Minute Tapioca Cream with butterscotch sauce and top with whipped cream.
- **ORANGE MINT**—Garnish the tempting new Minute Tapioca Cream with orange sections and a cube of mint jelly.

THE NEW MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

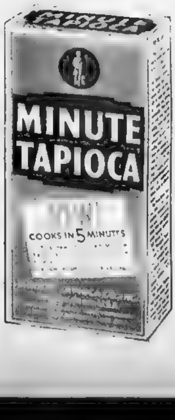
[illegible] Minute Tapioca	[illegible] cups milk
[illegible] cup sugar	1 or 2 egg whites
[illegible] teaspoon salt	stiffly beaten
1 or 2 egg yolks	1 teaspoon [illegible]

Now so easy to make!

[illegible] egg [illegible] and milk in top of double boiler and stir enough to break egg yolk. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 5 to 7 minutes) [illegible] stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water. Fold a small amount into egg white; add to remaining tapioca mixture and blend. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. When slightly cool, add flavoring; chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves 8.

(All measurements are le[illegible])

Now cooks in 5 minutes . . . used to take 15!



Lots of new chefs' secrets

If you want to know how to make new and delicious cream puddings, lovely clear tapioca and fruit puddings, luscious baked puddings . . . If you want to know new tricks with soups and soufflés, a new way of making runny fruit pies behave, new secrets for meat loaves and croquettes, read the recipes on Minute Tapioca packages. And for still more of such news, get a pencil and a postcard, and send for . . .

FREE! Brand-new recipe book and sa[illegible]

[illegible] NEW Minute Tapioca [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Street

City

[illegible] Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1936).

FOR PROMPT RELIEF
PLEASANT RELIEF
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE
Alka-Seltzer
The sparkling, Alkaline drink, combined with an Analgesic for Sour Stomach, Colds, Headaches, and other common aches and pains, caused by excess acidity—
30c—60c SIZES
ALL DRUG STORES

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

Murder, Mystery and Romance on an Island of Peril

(Continued from Front Page)

tone a desperate caution more dangerous than rage

"What's the big idea?" he asked, quietly. "I want to pull her high and dry. Lend a hand, will you?"

"Take fun! Call your mates out here. Don't move!"

"I'm alone, or I wouldn't need your help," Garrett laughed. "Take a look for yourself. And you might lower that rifle a bit. Suppose it went off!"

After staring a moment, the man tramped to a different position, keeping Garrett covered. His torch swept the cockpit, then plunged into the tiny cabin, then swung back on Garrett.

"Well, what d'ya want here?" its owner demanded.

Garrett caught the note of uncertainty under the frank suspicion. "I was out sailing and got becalmed until sundown," he explained. "Then a squall hit me and I lost my rudder. I couldn't beat back for it, of course. Had to run before the wind. I was lucky to make this island."

"Maybe you were lucky and maybe you weren't," came a hostile growl. "I'll have a look at cher rudder. Get to the stern where I c'n watch you. And no tricks, Mister!"

The last word sounded more promising. Garrett went floundering astern through a rushing wash. The man swung wide. His light flicked down to the empty rudder guides, lingered an instant and swept round to find Garrett.

"Keep your hands up and march — straight inland, see? Wait a minute —" The man glanced seaward and stood listening, his eyes on Garrett. "Okay. Step on it!"

"What about my sloop?" asked Garrett, mildly. "Help me pull her up a bit, will you?"

"She'll do where she lays. Tide's ebbing. Come on! Sa-ay! Who are you waiting for?"

The last words crackled with tense caution. Garrett laughed, wheeled and started up the beach.

"Nobody," he flung back over his shoulder. "I just hate to impose on you."

"Oh, yeah? Well, keep going. Left a bit —"

Thanks to the beam of light which enveloped him from behind, Garrett saw the rough path and managed to follow it. Beyond the beach the ground rose sharply. As he stumbled upward the force of the wind increased, stinging the back of his neck with sand. The diffused moonlight grew stronger, too, but the fog still marched with the wind, swirling past him in ghostly battalions that sometimes almost obscured the path.

The ascent had begun to ease off, when Garrett came to a halt so suddenly that the rifle nudged his ribs.

A figure had shot out of the mist at a high-stepping jog trot across his path. The light swung aside and revealed a young man with his head aslant in a listening attitude, and an avid little smile about his good-looking mouth. He was bare-headed, his curly, black hair glinting with moisture. His pose suggested a hunter intent on some quarry. Despite that curious gait, he had been running without a sound.

He pulled up and stared. Garrett had an impression of vivid, black eyes that were full of mischief and a sort of eager cruelty. Then the young man vanished into the mist.

"Blame nut!" rumbled Garrett's companion, uneasily. "Keep a-goin', Mister! I pret' near shot cha!"

Garrett obeyed, glancing back. His captor was peering into the fog where the young man had disappeared.

The ground levelled off. By the feel of the wind here and the skimming swirls of mist Garrett judged that they had reached the crest of the island. A tall rock split the fog suddenly. The path circled it, descending a little. He stepped too wide and trod on crackling Iceland moss. Then he found himself at the door of a lighted hut.

"G'wan in," ordered his captor with a note of savage relief in his voice.

Garrett opened the door and entered. The one room was hazy with tobacco smoke. It contained four bunks, a table, a lamp, some chairs and two men seated. One was a tough, wiry blond, with a slightly soiled bandage around his head. The other was lean, bronzed and [illegible]. [illegible] faces looked [illegible] although they [illegible] like [illegible] [illegible] looking.

At sight of him they sprang to their feet, startled, their attitude full of taut menace.

"Caught him [illegible]," explained Garrett's captor as he crowded in. "Lost his rudder [illegible] a [illegible] hit him."

"Why didn't you whistle?" rapped out the dark man.

"He was alone. Didn't put up no scrap, Dan."

"So you left the beach unguarded! Get back down there, Tiny! Whistle if you get in a jam. Step on it now!"

With a glance of savage doubt at Garrett, the big man called Tiny wheeled and left the hut.

As he listened, Garrett's busy eyes had seen the two rifles stacked in a corner. There was nothing else of interest except the tense hostility of his captors. It suggested something as close to fear as men of their type would come. They looked like fighters. He had spotted the dark man called Dan as their leader. Now this man faced him.

"What's your business on this island?" he demanded, his words compelling because of their grim quietness.

"I lost my rudder and had to run before the wind," Garrett repeated his tale. "I thought I was lucky to strike this island, but maybe I should have tried for Honolulu. What's the idea of holding me up like this?"

Dan stared without response. Garrett sensed, however, that the narrowed, brown eyes had not found what they expected. They flicked up and down his lithe, powerful figure with just a hint of uncertainty.

Measuring these men in his turn, Garrett thought he could lick the blond. He was not so confident about Dan.

"Aside from your cheery welcome," he smiled, "I've neither food nor a blanket aboard my sloop."

Dan slid a torch from his pocket and a .45 Colt from the holster at his side. "Search him, Buck."

Large hands patted Garrett expertly.

"No gun on him, Dan. Will I turn out his pockets?"

Garrett laughed and raised his arms.

Dan shook his head. "About face. Rrr'd—march!"

As Garrett obeyed he felt the revolver nudge him in the ribs warningly. He and Dan tramped out into the mist.

In response to clipped orders and the pointing beam of light Garrett moved on across the ridge and turned into a path that ran along in the lee of it. When he had stumbled fifty feet or so the path veered away from the ridge and the ground levelled off on either hand.

The full moon was a little higher now and Garrett saw that he was crossing a sort of mesa at the top of the island.

In the middle of this nestled a low hacienda of some size. They were approaching the side of it which faced the ridge. As he drew nearer Garrett saw that this had a door in the middle of it, but contained no windows.

"Walk in," said Dan, with grim irony.

Garrett tried the latch and entered, to find himself in a short, narrow passage without doors or windows along either side. It led straight back. Feeling his way through it, he emerged into a large, enclosed court, dim with moonlit fog.

Many windows opened into the court, several of them bright. The shades were up and he could see into bedrooms lighted by electricity—which was surprising on this small island. The rooms looked comfortably furnished.

The misty court contained a hammock-swing, tables built around shade umbrellas now limp and black with moisture, and half a dozen garden chairs. It was open to the sky. The rear wing of the house rose higher than the rest and extended across the ends of both side wings.

"Hands up, I said!" Garrett Obeyed at Once, Sensing in the Man's Tone a Desperate Caution More Dangerous Than Rage.

"Straight back," ordered Dan, in a hushed voice.

Garrett threaded his way to the rear wing and found a door in the center of it. He reached for the knob.

"Hold it!" muttered Dan, sharply. "What's your name?"

"Howard Garrett. American. Free, white and —"

"Nuts!" said Dan, and knocked on the door.

Garrett had wheeled aside. He happened to be facing diagonally across the court. It was full of mist. Moonlight, however, and the shafts of yellow radiance from the bedroom windows made the entire court more or less visible. He saw the dark oblong of an open door in the left wing.

His attention focussed abruptly. In that shadowed entrance hung a pale blob which he recognized as a face. It was too far away to reveal its owner's sex, nor could he see the body or hands. The face could belong to a short person in dark clothes, or to a tall person stooping forward. He felt it was watching them. After an instant it vanished.

The door in the rear wing opened. Garrett turned. On the threshold stood a man of fifty or so, with gray hair, narrow temples and a keen soldierly face. Wearing an apron instead of a coat, and with his sleeves rolled up, his erect figure conveyed the impression of meticulous grooming. Yet there were deep-bitten lines of anxiety about the firm mouth, and the keen, gray eyes looked restless and haunted. They fixed themselves on Garrett with a sort of avid force.

CHAPTER II.

A Little Promenade.

DAN was making a terse report of the sloop's arrival and Garrett's capture. At the mention of "Howard Garrett," the man in the doorway turned, stared in well-simulated surprise and held out his hand.

"Hello, Garrett," he said, evenly. "So you lost your rudder and blundered on my island. What a coincidence."

Garrett shook hands. "I'll say so," he laughed. "Mean to tell me this island belongs to you?"

"You know him, sir?" Dan asked the older man, quietly.

"Yes, Brice. Know all about him. You needn't have been so careful this once. Now he's here, I suppose he'll have to stay. Give him the run of the island for the present. But he is not to leave without orders from me."

"Why, I just want shelter until the wind changes, you know," said Garrett, "or until I can patch up a new rudder."

"I'll put you up, of course, Garrett, but there are reasons why you can't sail back—just yet."

Garrett stared. "Well, I'm satisfied, if it doesn't put you out. Without a rudder I might have ended up in China."

"That's all then, Brice," said the older man. "You can leave him here safely. Oh, and Brice. Pull his vessel high and dry. Then unstep the mast and hide it."

"Very good, sir!" Dan saluted, swept Garrett with narrowed, impersonal eyes and moved off across the court.

His employer stepped back, holding the door open. Garrett took the hint and entered. When the door had closed, his host wheeled and grew formal.

"I'm Osterhout," he said. "You are Mr. Garrett? I suppose you can identify yourself?"

Garrett made a slight gesture of warning and glanced about the huge workshop. They were alone in it.

"Yes to both questions," he [illegible] quietly. "I'll show you my credentials in a moment."

The rear wing was one vast workshop. It had only two small windows, one at either end. These were high in the brick walls, contained two small panes of ground glass and swung open sideways. The one to Garrett's left was closed. The other stood open, revealing thick, close-set iron bars.

Over the entire room arched a roof of ground glass, supported by light steel girders. A large section of it could be rolled back, but was now closed and locked.

All three doors were in the same wall. Garrett had entered by the middle one. Another seemed to lead forward into the right wing of the house. He walked over and tried the knob. That door was locked.

Veering to the small window at that end, he pushed it shut, then traversed the length of the room and tried the last door. It opened into a small lavatory from which there was no other exit. Satisfied, he returned to Osterhout, who stood watching.

"I'd rather not have anyone except yourself know why I'm here," he explained, "or my line of work."

"That's understood!" Osterhout's gesture and tone were induced by strained nerves. "Your credentials, please!"

Garrett reversed the large end of his necktie, spread it open and pointed out the tiny insignia of the U. S. Secret Service, stamped on the inner side of the lining.

"Good!" exclaimed Osterhout in obvious relief. "I'm glad you've arrived, Garrett. I've been—under a strain."

Garrett studied the lined face and restless eyes of his host unobtrusively. They suggested strength and courage tested to the limit of nervous endurance.

"My chief told me what you are trying to accomplish here," he said. "They feel in Washington that experiments as important as yours should take place under direct governmental supervision — and protection. The choice was yours, but I gather something has happened that makes you inclined to agree."

"So much so that I'm very glad you're here," Osterhout admitted. "Two rather important things seem imminent. One is success. The other is—disaster! You needn't think I've been careless. I took every possible precaution, but— somebody knows. I still can't imagine how the secret got out."

He finished with a gesture of tense irritation.

Garrett was too well acquainted with the trusting ways of the honest layman to feel surprised. Instinct made him glance around the room once more, and he stiffened slightly. The little window he had closed stood open.

A movement of his eyes called Osterhout's attention to the window. The older man saw and gave a nervous start.

"They're coming close!" he whispered. "The wind never did that!"

Remembering the force he had used to shut the window, Garrett nodded assent. "What's the shortest way out there?" he asked in a low voice.

"The back door—through the kitchen. But you'd take time finding it, and I daren't leave this room now."

"The way I came in then? Any other outside doors?"

"Only those two. You're armed? They can shoot."

"It doesn't matter. Don't close the window yet."

Garrett let himself into the court and moved lightly across to the front passage, avoiding the dim chairs and tables. Outside the house, swirling mist engulfed him and subsided again like a dancer's draperies.

He turned left, rounded the corner and made for the back, [illegible] able to see, now feeling his way [illegible] the wall. There were outside windows here, two of them lighted. The glow through drawn shades and the diffused moonlight showed him the ground. He could not see more than a few yards ahead, for the mist was thicker here.

The ground had been partially leveled and was not hard walking close to the house. At length he could see the shaft of light from that small high window. He stopped and peered about him, swearing under his breath. In this [illegible] a man need only step back a pace to be entirely hidden. [illegible] the house.

Garrett closed in without a sound and spoke softly.

"Good evening, my friend!"

The man whirled with a stifled exclamation. Garrett moved nearer, determined not to lose him. The man raised his arms warily, but stood his ground. Garrett could distinguish a lined, saturnine face and trim moustache, and catch the glint of black eyes that seemed to measure him intently.

"Who are you, Monsieur? What are you doing here?"

"That's what I meant to ask you," said Garrett.

"Me? But the dinner is finished! Hoping for sleep tonight on this sacre island, I make myself a leetle promenade. I am Pierre Brisson, the chef. And you, Monsieur?" There was a hint of mockery in the suave voice.

"I'm a guest here," said Garrett. "Why not take your little evening promenade in the court?"

"Because I know my place, Monsieur. You are a very recent guest, n'est ce pas?"

"Yes. Just arrived. Aren't you afraid this walking about in the fog might disagree with you, Pierre?"

"So much so, Monsieur," Brisson replied, "that with your permission, I will accompany you back to the house."

A cool customer, thought Garrett—quick-witted and shrewd.

(Continued on Page 17)

© 1936, by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. [illegible] BROWNATONE is only 50c at all drug stores—always on a money-back guarantee.

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE
The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
402 Brownatone Bldg. Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly cost of packing and mailing.
State shade wanted ___
Name ___
Address ___
City ___ State ___
Print Your Name and Address

A NEW
SHAMPOO-RINSE
for Blondes even in dark shades

How to wash light hair 2-4 shades lighter

BLONDES, why put up with dingy, streaked hair? [illegible] Blondex [illegible] unique [illegible] all in one, that removes hair dirt, ridding each strand of the darkening, sticky film. Gives new sheen—new fascinating glints [illegible] lighter [illegible] more beautiful than ever. Try it today. At all drug or department stores.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

More than 5,000,000 families read The American Weekly.

ONLY 10c FOR BOTH

LARGE BOTTLE NAIL POLISH—WITH WHITE NAIL PENCIL!!!

Now for only 10c—this new, marvelous Polish chosen by smart women everywhere! And with the big new bottle you get FREE a metal-capped Pencil for whitening nail tips! Nine lovely shades from which to choose the ones that harmonize with your complexion. . . . Approved by Good Housekeeping.

3c. Trial Offer
For trial bottle, send this ad and 3c stamp to Lady Lillian, Dept. A-1, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. State shade you prefer.

AT THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORES
Lady LILLIAN
CREME NAIL POLISH

Rub "BEN-GAY" In for Quick Relief

[illegible] medication penetrates the [illegible] and is actually absorbed by the [illegible]. For colds in head—get relief with 'Ben-Gay's' pungent penetrating fumes.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"
The only true Baume Analgesique

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

CHECK HEAD COLDS AT FIRST SNIFFLE!

Thank Goodness! Here's nose drops a child doesn't fight. They don't burn!

A Head Cold May Become a Worse Cold!

Treat Promptly—Here are Nose Drops Your Child Will Stand for, Mother!

It's important, as you know, Mother, to treat a head cold or nose cold promptly. But, with ordinary nose drops, which are objectionable to most children, treatment is often makeshift and incomplete.

Here, at last, are nose drops acceptable to a child. Here, at last, are nose drops a child won't rebel against. They are Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops and will be found as acceptable to a child as a glass of milk.

Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops are different in every way. They have the color and consistency of fresh cream. They do not smell or taste "medicine." They do not burn or sting a child's delicate nasal membranes. They do not run out of the nose and down the face or back down the throat and make a child gag.

"Stay Put" in the Nose!

Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops are all the more efficacious for the reason that they "stay put" in the nose. Adhering to the mucous membranes, they exert four important effects. *First*, they tend to soothe any minor irritation. *Second*, they tend to relieve congestion and open the air passages. *Third*, they tend to relieve any pain or soreness that may be due to minor irritation. *Fourth*, they tend to soften accumulated secretions.

More Effective in Every Way

This fourfold effect will give new relief in the case of head colds and other minor irritations. It will also be found effective for the treatment of other uncomfortable head conditions, including Hay Fever and Rose Fever.

Try Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops and see how much more effective and pleasant they are, for adults as well as children. You'll find them more economical, too, as you get more for your money.

All drug stores now sell Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops, but a 15c trial size bottle is free for the asking. Just put your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 15c bottle postpaid and free.

Grove's Emulsified NOSE DROPS
Made by the Makers of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 42-AW2, St. Louis, Mo.
FREE
Gentlemen: Please send me free, 15c trial size bottle of Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops.
Name ___
Address ___
City ___ State ___

Sea Shroud [illegible]

(Continued from Page 16)

whether or not he was up to mischief.

"Lead the way then, Pierre." He made it an order.

"Pardon. On the contrary After you, Monsieur."

"Suppose we go together." Garrett took him firmly by the arm. It tightened for an instant then relaxed. Side by side they started back for the passage.

Almost at once Garrett's instinct or acute senses warned him of a movement close by in the fog and that his companion was aware of it. No one appeared, however, and the chef made no definite sign.

They walked through the passage and crossed toward the rear wing. It was Garrett who opened the door, entering with his companion. Osterhout whirled nervously to face them.

"I went out for a stroll," Garrett explained quickly, "and ran across your chef. He wants to verify the fact that I'm your guest. Very commendable. We came back together."

"Hello, Pierre." Osterhout frowned. "Mr. Garrett is visiting me. You went for a walk outside this window?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I do not feel sleepy and I make myself a leetle promenade in that direction."

"Did you notice anyone else about, Pierre?"

"No, Monsieur. Only Monsieur Garrete." The answer came promptly, but Garrett knew that the man was lying.

"Unhappily, the mist is thick tonight," added Brisson. "Has Monsieur reason to believe there was some one- else?"

"Perhaps the mist was conveniently thick," murmured Garrett. "It all depends on the point of view."

Brisson ignored the mild comment. Osterhout stared.

"Have you dined, Garrett?" he asked at length.

"I had lunch about noon, thank you."

"Noon! Can you get something to eat, Pierre?"

"Certainly, Monsieur."

"Fix him something on a tray and put it in the bedroom next the living room. That will be his. Have Sako make up the bed. I'll show him the way later. Thanks, Pierre."

"Very good, Monsieur." The Frenchman let himself out quietly, without so much as a glance at Garrett.

"Why do you employ foreigners in your household?" asked Garrett, seriously.

"Pierre? He's been with me nine years. Came to me before I started these experiments. I trust him completely."

Garrett walked down the room, closed the window and this time locked it. He had not missed the mention of "Sako," but preferred to wait before asking about the household.

Turning, he surveyed the huge workshop where Osterhout might be in the process of making history.

In the middle of the floor at this end stood a big, flat-topped desk and desk chair. The working equipment lined the rear wall. Nearest Garrett stood a shining gas engine and a generator. Beyond these stretched a workbench laden with electrical and chemical supplies. There were tools on the wall above it and a regiment of wet batteries ranked underneath it.

Farther along stood a wireless sending outfit. The far corner was filled by transformers, coils and a switchboard.

Close to Garrett, a large safe was built into the wall. There was a couch between two of the doors and a radio at the far end. A few straight chairs completed the furniture.

The most striking thing in the room was a gleaming, twenty-foot model of a dirigible, painted jet-black. The model floated parallel to the workbench and was moored to the floor.

Garrett studied the thing, impressed by its look of sleek deadliness. It was complete in every detail: gondolas, tiny electric engines, propellers and rudder-vanes. Noticing two eye-bolts on the top of it, he glanced around the room.

Above the desk and chair two long, slim rods hung from the roof. They ended in hooks. He judged that Osterhout suspended the model from these when it was empty of gas.

A Sudden "Spang!" Interrupted Garrett, Followed by the Tinkle of Glass. One Pane Had Lost Part of Its Glass and Showed the Peculiar Starred Effect Caused by a Bullet.

Moving down the room, he studied the airship.

"Is this an actual working model?" he asked.

"Yes. It's powered by radio and almost entirely controlled by radio. The power is the new feature. It saves a lot of weight. My station supplies the power. The steering mechanism is tuned to a different wave length. When my ship takes the air, she heads automatically for the source of that wave length. Suppose the source is a hostile city. Their own station guides the ship to them. Understand, she remains at a great height. Once in the 'dead spot' over the source, a circuit closes and turns a switch. The control then becomes mechanical. She flies in a widening circle and drops bombs."

"How do you bring her home again?"

"With the dropping of the last bomb a mechanical device switches the steering control to the home wave length, which makes her turn and steer for home."

"How do you bring her down?"

"She receives more and more power from the base wireless as she nears home. Eventually this burns out a delicate fuse and stops all except the bow motor, which will give her headway in a moderate breeze. The increased power actuates a sensitive magnetic valve which begins to release the gas, and brings her down on a long slant. Only the home wave length can burn out the fuse and open the valve. In a tail-wind, she over-shoots the base, turns and lands against the wind."

"Wouldn't enemy planes bring her down?" asked Garrett.

"On the contrary, that's her advantage. She carries no fuel and may operate without a crew. With so little weight, she can fly at an altitude of five miles, yet drop her bombs accurately. Before defending planes can rise that high, she will have finished her work and be many miles nearer home. There are other problems which may necessitate a small crew on the full-sized dirigible. If the enemy wave length ceases, a gyroscope stops and switches the steering control back to the home wave length. This brings her home with her load of bombs, which might destroy the home base when she landed. A crew on board could steer by hand to their objective. Failing that, they could land her some distance from the base."

Garrett frowned. He liked adventure or a fight man to man, but preferred to play a lone hand. War seemed to him nothing but mass insanity.

"It's a wonderful invention," he admitted.

Osterhout spoke as though reading his mind. "The nation owning it can prevent war. That's my hope. My ships can be operated from plane carriers against a hostile fleet. They need only floats to come down on water. My New England assistant, Ephriam Mallow, brought me the idea several years ago. He had something that he could not perfect. I've been working on it ever since. Now I think I've achieved success. We'll know one way or the other tonight."

"Tonight!" Garrett wheeled and hesitated. "Mallow is your assistant here? Could he design one of your ships?"

"No! Before the successful devices came to me, I saw the possibilities of such a weapon. Nobody knows my real secrets, Garrett—not even Mallow." Osterhout glanced about the room nervously and lowered his voice. "Nobody shall except our own government. That's why I asked for your help."

"The secrets are here on this island?"

"Yes. Had to be. All my plans are in that safe."

"I see. And you're trying out the model tonight?"

"Over Los Angeles. She's tuned to the wave length of a centrally-located, all-night station, and needs no crew because that station won't fail. She'll drop vaned arrows. You can see them around the middle gondola. The screw in the tail rotates and explodes the arrow as a brief flare, when it has dropped about four miles. I have a man on the city hall tower to watch for the flares."

Garrett had been looking at the model, but listening to the strained, tense note in Osterhout's voice. He turned away and stood rocking thoughtfully on his heels.

"As I see it," he commented, "we mustn't let this model fall into the hands of an outsider who could steal your ideas. That's the danger, if your little ship fails to work."

"That's the danger even if it does work—as I think it will," muttered Osterhout. "I hoped to experiment in peace on this island. But they — somebody knows what I'm doing. Things have happened. With that and the endless mist we're under a strain—all of us."

"I noticed that one of your men is wounded," said Garrett, quietly. "It seems surprising that you chose such an island. You're too isolated here—and too vulnerable."

"I didn't think it was so vulnerable. We're entirely surrounded by kelp. No screw-driven vessel can get through it. But one of my men—Buck heard voices offshore one night, inside the kelp. He tried to flash a light on them and got knocked senseless by a rifle bullet. If they are after my plans, how they found out is a mystery to me."

"Foreign spies have ways of learning these things," said Garrett. "I don't like this island the mist and all."

"I chose it to be unsuspected and borrowed it with the utmost secrecy. My supplies were shipped here, and this house built, by people above suspicion. There is a sort of way through the kelp in one place, but not with the propeller turning. It isn't marked, either."

"Many coastwise skippers probably know it."

"Well, anyway, the two possible landing places are patrolled as you found out! Of course, I had no idea that anyone would suspect what I was doing. Even if they did, this island seemed less accessible than a place in the country, for example. It was strange about that window, for I don't think they can actually land."

A sudden "Spang!" interrupted him, followed by the tinkle of broken glass. Osterhout jumped to his feet. The window Garrett had closed was broken. One pane had lost part of its glass and showed the peculiar starred effect caused by a bullet.

CHAPTER III.

"They All Know."

OSTERHOUT stared at the window, his long fingers opening and closing. Garrett walked down the room.

"Better come here—out of range," he suggested.

Reaching up quickly, he opened the window. Osterhout joined him. One of the bars showed a bright streak where the bullet had struck it almost full. A sliver of metal had broken the pane. His questing fingers located the hot, flattened remainder lying on the sill.

"Steel-jacketed from a rifle," he commented, juggling it from one hand to the other.

"They must have landed just after you did when my guard left the beach!" exclaimed Oster[illegible] [illegible] must have heard that shot. He'll investigate. It's outrageous."

"I [illegible]," Garrett interrupted. "That was long range through a [illegible] in the mist [illegible] a [illegible]. But the shot seems absolutely [illegible] [illegible] wasn't [illegible] [illegible]."

[illegible] the glass [illegible] fallen out. He studied his hand [illegible].

"I [illegible] this island less and less [illegible]. It's no use [illegible] out there in the mist. I [illegible] understand that shot. [illegible] a warning or a target [illegible] childish [illegible]. Excuse the question. Has anyone got a grievance against you or a [illegible] over you, real or fancied?"

"No one whatever!" exclaimed Osterhout irritably. "I tell you this is a question of spies."

"Then I can see only one possible reason for the shot. It might have been intended to convey [illegible] impression of spies [illegible]. These careless [illegible] off shore at night [illegible]. Let's see. This window is on the side away from the [illegible], isn't it?"

"Of course it is. What's your idea?"

"That the shot couldn't have been fired from the hut," said Garrett [illegible], "which would seem to rule out those men of yours—ex-soldiers, aren't they?"

"They're ex-marines, and you can rule them out! I've known them ever since the war and I'm absolutely sure of them. I was sent over to experiment with a range finding device at the front. They were part of my hand-picked escort. No, it is somebody from outside. But how they knew is the mystery."

"All right," [illegible] Garrett who seldom argued. "Who else is in your household besides your chef? We almost bumped into a young man as we came up from the beach."

"That [illegible] Don Vane, the son of [illegible] friend of mine who died recently. Don is rather original in his ways, and wants understanding. But he's far from a fool. I'm sure he's entirely loyal."

Garrett realized that Osterhout seemed to think it necessary to defend the young man.

(Continued on Page 19)

Nagging Torment of
ITCHING RASHES

quickly subdued by Resinol. It quiets the itching, and even when skin is sore and tender from scratching, you can safely apply Resinol to hasten relief and healing.

Resinol

Take my Advice and
PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST ACCIDENT and SICKNESS
MAN DIES, 5 INJURED IN AUTO ACCI
Fireman Hurt as Track Collide in Crash at
HICKSVI
OFFICER DIES CAMP DIX CRA
Capt. Drives Auto Fence
FOUR KI
2 HURT IN BOILER BLAST.
Jersey City Women in Critical Condition After Explosion.
Two persons were injured, one seriously, when a hot-water boiler exploded in the cellar of a two-story frame dwelling at Avenue, Jersey City, yesterday afternoon, showering them with fragm of metal.

$25.00 WEEKLY BENEFIT
also $10,000 Principal Sum

SUPPOSE you meet with an accident or sickness *tonight*— will your income continue?

Remember, few escape without accident—and none of us can tell what tomorrow holds for us. While you are reading this warning, somewhere ghastly tragedy, flood or fire, some automobile or train disaster, is taking its toll of human life or limb.

Protect Yourself Now!

If you suddenly became ill—would your income stop? What if you suffered from lobar pneumonia, an appendicitis operation, or any of the many common ills which are covered in this unusual policy; wouldn't you rest easier and convalesce more quickly if you knew that [illegible] company stood ready to help [illegible] financial burdens in case of a personal tragedy?

A Sudden Accident! A Sudden Sickness!
Can you say neither will happen to you?

Then don't delay another day. Protect yourself by insuring in the largest and oldest exclusive Accident and Health Company in America. Send the coupon NOW for complete information about our new $10,000 Accident and Sickness Policy.

PREMIUM $10 A YEAR
Payable $2.50 down
Balance in monthly payments

Some of the Features of This Limited Policy
No Medical Examination
No Dues No Assessments
MEN AND WOMEN
16 to 69 years Accepted
$10,000 Principal sum
$10,000 Loss of hands, feet or eyesight
$25 Weekly Benefit
for stated accidents and sickness
[illegible]

Over $21,000,000.00 Paid in Claims!

SPECIAL AUTOMOBILE CLAUSE
for disabling injuries sustained while riding [illegible] automobile or [illegible] conveyance

Under Direct Supervision of 46 State Insurance Departments
Largest and Oldest Exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company in America
NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. (Of Chicago)
152 TITLE BLDG., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Established over 49 years
Agents wanted for new territory

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

CASH or Sympathy ?

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
152 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey
Gentlemen
At no cost to me mail copy of your FREE booklet "CASH or Sympathy." There is no obligation.
Name
Address
City State

It's perfect!
—just the Pineapple Juice I'd expect from Del Monte

I expected something pretty fine, too—but frankly, I wasn't prepared for *this*.

You see, I've used DEL MONTE Products ever since I set up housekeeping—mother always has, too. But this pineapple juice—

—well, it got me so downright enthusiastic, I went right back to the grocer's and ordered a whole case!

It's DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice on *our* table from now on. Great big glasses of it. Just pure, unsweetened juice—but such *rich* juice. You taste *all* the flavor of real *ripe* pineapples!

Why don't *you* try it? A good many people will be *telling* you about it—but don't wait for *that*. Taste it *yourself*. That's the only way to know what a drink it is!

Many grocers have it now—more will have it soon

It's Del Monte PINEAPPLE JUICE

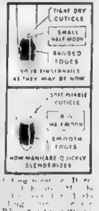
Instant Cold Relief

The applicator packed with every tube sends V-E-M right to the trouble spot where it gives instant and lasting relief. Used by doctors for 20 years. Our records show 29,732 doctors wrote us for V-E-M last winter. Your druggist has it.

V-E-M REACHES THE SPOT

SLENDERIZE Your Fingertips

Is there a man or woman who has not admired sleek slender [illegible] MANICARE [illegible] MANICARE [illegible]



He is a Stout Little Chap But You May Have to Fight for Him—if . . .
COUGHS and COLDS

[illegible]

Dr. Drake's

GLESSCO

[illegible]

Turn JUNK TIRES Into Cash!

Responsible men dropping everything to make sensational new Floor Mat

Simple hand machine slices old tires into strips. New patented process weaves them into thick, springy, long wearing FABRIX Mats—Big demand from factories, schools, stores, houses. Think of the Profit when a

5c TIRE MAKES $2 MAT

Send postal card for complete information showing how one man in each town can establish local factory and make money from the start. Investment reasonable. Write today. All information is FREE.

FABRIX, Inc., 325 W. Huron St., Dept. 401, Chicago

MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly.

Goose Fair

S. Andrew Wood

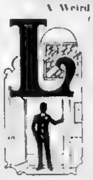
The Captivating Story of a Girl Who Had to Choose Between the "Big Top" and Society

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Weird Case.



LOATH as he was to undertake the defense of Jimsie Lavender nevertheless Simon felt a quickening interest as he entered O'Flynn's chambers.

The barrister sat in a large, dingy room that was like a badger's den, himself rather like a large newly-scrubbed badger of plethoric habit as he glanced up from a large sheaf of papers. The tight pucker of his mouth relaxed at the sight of Simon. His shrewd hazel eyes pierced the young man.

"Sit down, Conellan. That girl saw you last night, didn't she? She fished me out of my club round about midnight to tell me. Ah, the soft tongue she had. Devine's daughter and all." O'Flynn coughed. "It'll be a very wolf of a fight. I've reached the conclusion that the man's dead guilty."

"He is," said Simon. A relentless joy struck him.

"And that complicates matters. They have the weapon and the proof that he was with Syme the night of the murder. As for motives, they're sticking out like quills on a porcupine. I don't know that I've ever seen the police with a stronger hand in a case of circumstantial evidence."

Simon laughed, more harshly than he knew.

"The man did it. It's a waste of counsel. The gallows are hungry for him. We can't save him. Nobody could."

Sir William O'Flynn lifted his head. He was chuckling. He had the look of a large pink baby.

"All the same, me boy," he said, "I think we shall. I really think we shall."

O'Flynn propped his elbows upon the table. The impish look passed away. He touched a button by his side and glanced at the curiously-pale young man before him.

"Here is the Private Inquiry man Lavender's lawyers employed. He'll tell you something. Ex-Scotland Yard man attached to the old Dublin castle. A smart fellow, and knew Charlie Syme before he retired."

O'Flynn nodded to a tall nondescript man who entered.

"Sit down, Grimshaw. Tell Mr. Conellan all about Jacob Lasky. I mean—oh, the proofs that he killed Charlie Syme."

Grimshaw had a voice even more soft and persuasive than that of Superintendent Rivett's.

"Well, sir, Lasky was the nasty sort. A little wasp. Violent and drunken he was. And when they're like that there's not many of 'em, I must say, they're wicked. Anyway, Charlie kicked him out and would have nothing more to do with him. Lasky turned like a madman. He threatened Charlie's life a dozen times. I have the witnesses for that and for what happened on the night of Charlie's death."

Simon nodded. An odd feeling that he must presently pull this man's evidence to pieces at all costs, made him listen keenly.

"He broke into Charlie's the night before. The neighbors heard him, and saw Charlie throw him from the bedroom window. On the night of the murder, Lasky went to Charlie's house. Peaceably this time. He was there within an hour of Jim Lavender and when one entered at the front door the other went out at the back. I can't find out who was the last visitor. Neither can Rivett, though he won't admit it."

"There was a glass with fingerprints. And Rivett found the weapon—a club. He's just told me. What about that?"

"Fingerprints were Charlie's own. There were two glasses. The other, which had been overturned and smashed by the fellow as he reached over with his club, hadn't been touched. As for the club, it was a life-preserver made out of a blackthorn. There's a dozen gross of them in Dublin. No fingerprints on it. But Lasky had one when he broke into Charlie's. Charlie threw it out of the window after him, and someone picked it up. Witnesses again, Mr. Conellan. Nothing could prevent him from using another."

"Thanks, Grimshaw, that'll do." O'Flynn nodded briskly. "Just that rough statement at the moment. We shall have your precis later."

When the Inquiry Agent had gone, Simon laughed dryly. He stare at O'Flynn. He said:

"This poor devil Lasky does seem unfortunate. You'll have to find him before you can make a whipping-horse of him. Where is he now?"

"In the mortuary," replied the K. C. "He was taken out of the Liffey, by dock police, early this morning. Been in the water at least a week. That is, he must have gone overboard when the hue and cry for Syme's murderer was at its hottest. The percentage of murderers who commit suicide is fairly high, Conellan, as you probably know."

It was so unexpected that Simon could only catch his breath with a feeling that Fate clowned for his especial benefit. He became aware that O'Flynn was smiling in pink triumph. He had never seen the man so deeply absorbed in a case. It reminded him that he, too, must keep outwardly detached if his hard resolve that Lavender must die was to be any good... O'Flynn leaned back.

"Can you beat it, now? We've only to find now that Lasky wrote a confession for the fun of the thing."

Simon forced an answering amusement.

"Or an alibi to prove that Lavender was nowhere near Syme's house that night."

"Um!" said O'Flynn, pushed some typewritten sheets across to Simon, and watched him while he read.

It was written evidence of Joseph Jacob Doran, traveling showman, and Minnie Doran, married woman, wife of the aforementioned. It affirmed that on the night before the discovery of Charles Syme's body at his home in Dublin, and until ten o'clock the next morning, James Lavender had been with Doran's Royal Connaught Circus at Ballyroan. He had eaten supper with the two deponents and slept with Joseph Jacob Doran in his caravan, breakfasted and returned to Dublin by private car.

O'Flynn was inspecting his finger nails rather elaborately.

[illegible] Conellan. [illegible] was a wonderful [illegible] heart [illegible] know her, of course."

[illegible] manner [illegible] This was [illegible] altogether absurd.

"But on the other side will shake all that to bits when they give their evidence in the box! I've heard some blue swearing in my day, but this—it would be cruelty to put them up against State Counsel, those poor old circus people. The judge will commit them for perjury."

"Stacks, you son of Micky Conellan!" Sir William O'Flynn feigned to be shocked. "And are you challenging our own witnesses from the start? And don't you jump to reckless conclusions. It's amazing what the land does to the son by just standing still. Are you not just eager about the case? I thought it was one of those nicely-balanced gambles a youngster would like. If he failed there'd be no disgrace. If he brought it off, there might be modest fame. Sorry, me boy."

"I'm keen," returned Conellan, swiftly. "It's kind of you, O'Flynn, and I'm grateful. Besides, I gave my promise to Lavender's wife."

Lavender's wife! There was something bitterly funny about that to Simon Conellan as he passed out half an hour later.

He went that afternoon, to see Lavender, and the sight of the haggard figure, guilty even to a child's eye, gave him an unpitying joy. He looked like a brute with the mud of the gutters still on him. Only when Simon talked of Lasky and the Dorans' alibi did the desperate hope of a man to whom lying was a doorway out of everything dawn on him.

"Sure it was Lasky, Mr. Conellan," he said draggingly. "It was not me, I swear. Maybe I let Patsy think it was, because I was desperate and things looked mighty hopeless—"

"I want to know about that wedding, Lavender." Simon's eyes were hard. "Was it genuine? I mean, you understand what I mean, man."

"She insisted, Mr. Conellan. It was her idea, the gipsies. I wanted it to be a priest. So, knowing it wasn't rightly legal, I wasn't such a low hound as to—" Lavender looked sideways at Simon. "Heaven's the witness there was no harm done, Mr. Conellan, and when this is all over, if ever she was wanting any other man I'd set her free."

The man was offering an additional fee, as he would offer his soul if it would help him to dodge the executioner, and then go back on it all with a grin when the nightmare was over.

"Perhaps you'll have no word in the matter, Lavender." Simon pitilessly watched the gray pallor cover the dark face again.

"You'll not let me down, Mr. Conellan. I'm innocent! I am! It was that fellow Lasky."

Simon turned away slightly sick. Ten minutes later he left Lavender flushed and fawning, a creature the most thickheaded of jurymen would wish to convict, unless his natural cunning came back before his trial.

It was good to leave the big prison behind him and get out into the bright streets again. He wondered, achingly, where Patsy was, picturing her in her grubby hotel, sallying alone upon Dublin and trying to make the iron teeth of the Law loose their hold on a worthless murderer.

Beth ought to find her and take her, willy-nilly. The thought sent him restlessly to Justin Devine's house, about dusk, to be admitted by Charlie Syme's red-headed boot-boy now promoted by Beth to page. The boy grinned and let him find his own way into the firelit drawing room.

It was not Beth who sat there. It was Patsy who, like an elf that flitted at will, perched again on the pouffe by the fire.

"Beth made me come here." She was momentarily startled, but sat down again. "It was kind of her, was it not? I've finished most of what I had to do, and I'm to stay here till the trial."

"The grand idea." Simon steadied his voice. He had not guessed that love was capable of such torment. "You'll be ever so much more comfortable. A bit rough and ready where you were staying, wasn't it?"

She looked round quickly. The fire made the tawny gleams of her hair like strands of flame.

"It will not be the wise thing for you to come here too often while I'm here," she said.

"No. I'd better not."

"But—stay now. Beth's upstairs, and she won't be long. I'm scared to be alone. It's the funny thing I never was at one time. I liked it... I was dreaming about you in the fire when you came in just now. I was thinking, if Justin Devine had come for me sooner instead of waiting till I was a little pig and putting me in clover, we never would have come across each other. So I've forgiven him hanging back... Except that I might have grown to be your sort, and then—and then come across you." Patsy clenched her hands and said naively, but with fierce tears in her eyes, "How I would have clung to you!"

"You're the sticking kind, Patsy. They come to earth now and then," said Simon. He looked down at the red mouth, which had lost its firm line for a moment. Her hand touched his.

"And wicked about it. If any other woman had come, Beth, maybe I'd have—" she broke off suddenly. "No, I would not. Not with you. You're so grand and straight. And I would have made you love me like—"

"Like I do now, Patsy."

"Like you do now, just for a bit." She nodded gravely. "Like I'm compelling you to, till that door opens. Stealing you, like a thief. A minute or two doesn't matter, does it?"

"Will nothing shake you from this folly, Patsy dearest? I don't think Lavender will get clear. He's booked."

"He will," said Patsy simply. "You'll manage it. You and Aunt Minnie and Daddy Doran, who're going to tell a lot of lies for me, I'm that wicked. Ah, don't let us talk about it. No, don't touch me. Laugh instead. It's all been such a strange joke from the moment O'Conor Kelly threw me over his tail at the Goose Fair I think"—she clung to him for a moment—"I think I'm made to be thrown over tails."

Simon made a movement he could not control and she snuggled back in his arms. He could feel her heart beating like something that had gone mad within her, but he had no words to speak. Even with her lips on his, something told him she was adamant and nothing could shake her purpose.

She freed herself and stood up.

"That was goodby. It's hurt nobody. I—I meant you to do it. You came to see Beth, didn't you? Well, you must wait for her in another room and I'll go and tell her you're here. It's dangerous here. Perhaps I'll come to thank you when you've got him off. But I'll bring him with me so that—Ah, Tansy Lovell says you can forget anything."

Patsy opened the door of the room for Simon to pass out.

"Hullo, Simon!" a voice said. It was Beth, halfway down the stairs. She sent a long, searchin look at Patsy's white face, but only glanced at Simon, as though afraid of seeing him too clearly.

"He came to see you," said Patsy quickly, and disappeared silently behind the door.

* * *

From the first, the Criminal Court brought to Patsy the old picture of the Big Top at Doran's on a Saturday night. There were the same packed rows of faces, the same high ceiling, the same expectation of the coming performance.

Perhaps the audience was more hushed than Doran's, but when the judge, in his wig and scarlet and ermine, came in, there was the same rustle. Only the laugh which always burst out when Pimple, the clown, first tumbled in, was missing, because there was no Pimple.

There was only the judge on his high seat, the men in smaller wigs below him, a boxful of other men—the jury—and Jimsie between two warders, in a place that looked like Doran's box-office, though it was bigger.

He turned to look at her. Perhaps he tried to smile, but his face was too stiff and his eyes too black and smudgy.

"You not suffering at all, darlint?" whispered Uncle Phineas.

She had thought Beth meant to come to the Court with her. But Beth had disappeared that morning, and, instead, Uncle Phineas had called for Patsy in a big black-and-gilt car. A fatherly solicitor, obviously impressed by Uncle Phin, had ushered them to their places.

"No, I am not suffering." Patsy caught sight of Aunt Minnie and Daddy Doran. Aunt Minnie was staring with "thrill" written all over her at the judge.

"Not guilty." Jim's voice was as steady as if he had been quite innocent when he pleaded.

Patsy wondered, panic-stricken for an instant, where Simon Conellan was. Then she saw him looking disguised in his wig and black gown. If he looked round he could see her. But he did not look round. It was the strange thing [illegible] like that.

Patsy did not listen to the speech of the man who, Uncle Phin whispered, was counsel for the State (so the whole Irish Free State was against Jimsie). Part of a gift came back which had been hers when she was blind Patsy of Doran's and she could let whole patches of time pass over her head, and let her thoughts go dancing anywhere. To Jimsie having a rope put round the thick, brown neck which she could see so plainly. Or to Jimsie and herself being married in church when it was all over a circus wedding, this time with the Three Midgets as train-bearers.

"'Tis a tough case the police have up their sleeve, Pattie."

She had been watching the clock and sometimes Jimsie's sleek head for ever so long when she heard Uncle Phin's low voice.

"I wasn't hearing much," Patsy said, tranquilly. "Will it last much longer, Uncle Phin?"

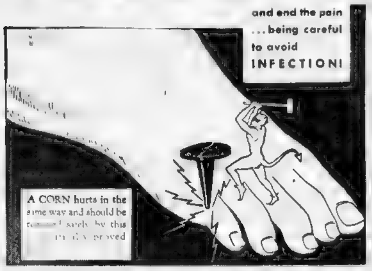
An usher bawled for silence. A long sigh came from the audience. Someway Jimsie, in the dock, looked shrivelled, now. Aunt Minnie was wiping her lips nervously with a handkerchief. Daddy Doran looked as though he had been hewn out of wood from head to foot.

The audience was quiet again. The policeman who found Charlie

(Continued on Page 19)

YOU WOULD CERTAINLY REMOVE A TACK IN YOUR TOE

and end the pain . . . being careful to avoid INFECTION!



A CORN hurts in the same way and should be removed safely by this [illegible] proved

Blue-Jay Stops Pain Instantly—Removes Corn Completely in 3 Days Without Danger of Infection

● To [illegible] former corn sufferers the name "Blue-Jay" means [illegible] comfort. It brought them a [illegible] sense of relief—added zest for work and play because it removed their corns safely, and [illegible]. Here's how it works.

The [illegible] Blue-Jay medication gently undermines the corn. In 3 days the corn lifts out easily—completely. Soft felt pad lifts shoe pressure—stops pain instantly. Pad is held firmly over corn by exclusive Wet-Pruf adhesive tape (waterproof—won't cling to stocking). 25c at all Drug and Department stores.

Why a Corn Hurts A corn has a tack like point that presses against tender nerves and flashes pain throughout the system. That's why a corn "hurts all over."

How to Stop the Pain Soft felt Blue-Jay Pad stops pain instantly. Fits snugly, firmly (without showing through shoes) while mild Blue-Jay medication undermines the corn.

How to Remove the Corn After 3 days remove the Blue-Jay, soak foot in warm water, and you lift the corn right out.

EXERCISE BOOK FREE—Illustrates valuable exercises for foot [illegible] and beauty. Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. [illegible]

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Does Your Child Sleep With OPEN MOUTH?

Avoid dangers of sleepless nights—mouth breathing—with children's head colds. A little Kondon's Nasal Jelly opens clogged nostrils immediately. Protects against chest colds. Use Kondon's every night—have cold-free children.

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

FOR itching SCALPS

Cuticura brings soothing, welcome relief. The Ointment [illegible] itching [illegible]. The Soap keeps the scalp clean and promotes hair beauty.

Buy today. Soap [illegible] Ointment [illegible] and [illegible] FREE sample [illegible] "Cuticura," Dept. [illegible] Malden, Mass.

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy—does not rub off.

SKIN ITCH
Quick Relief or Money Back

If frantic with an itching pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or rashes—due to external causes—DON'T SUFFER ANOTHER MOMENT. One application of comforting **Peterson's Ointment** quickly soothes—cools tender, irritated skin. Angry redness soon vanishes. Wonderful to soothe eczema, itching feet and cracks between toes—brings seemingly unbelievable results. Itching, smarting disappear. Millions benefitted. Try it—you'll be amazed. Get a 35c box of Peterson's Ointment today at any drugstore. Money refunded if not delighted.

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it.

You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

Goose Fair by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 18)

Syme was giving evidence, in detail. Patsy shut her ears till she heard Simon's voice. He put half a dozen questions quickly, but gently. Then something was handed to the boxful of men—a shillalah.

Patsy remembered Jimsie Lavender's trembling question in Tansy Lovell's tent, "Have they found it, then?" She watched him and, though he looked straight before him in the dock, she could see a little glisten on his cheekbone...

There were other witnesses—a doctor, detectives. A neighbor who swore he saw Lavender go to Syme's house on the fatal night. Sometimes Sir William O'Flynn bobbed up to ask questions, sometimes it was Simon. Two names kept shuttling to and fro. Lasky—Lavender. Lavender—Lasky.

It was funny, pondered Patsy, all this rigmarole... What if she stood up in her seat, shouted for silence like the usher, and told them that Jimsie Lavender had certainly killed Charlie Syme, but she was willing to forgive him, because Simon Conellan must marry Beth, and Jimsie Lavender was her kind, and when she got him back to Doran's she would see he killed nobody else if she had to kill him herself...

"Feeling a bit faint, darlint?" Uncle Phineas' hand fell anxiously on hers.

"I'm all right. How long will it be?"

"They're getting on quick—ah, it's luncheon time now."

The judge had come to his feet. He must have wanted to yawn and stretch though he did not show one bit of it. Simon and all the other wigs were standing, too, and there was a big shuffle of feet...

In a private room of the restaurant Uncle Phin poured out the wine with a shaking hand. Directly outside the window a big billboard glowed with the new advertisement of Maguire's Remedy—Maguire's Golden Bottle. But Uncle Phin did not even glance at it.

"A sore ordeal it is, Pattie precious," he said. "Are you wishful to go back, after lunch then?"

"I want to hear Aunt Minnie and Daddy Doran give their evidence." Patsy frowned at Uncle Phineas' unusual stupidity. "And I must be there to meet Jimsie when they let him go free, mustn't I?"

Phineas Maguire's knife squeaked on his plate with a teeth-edging sound. His usual Napoleonic calm had deserted him.

"Pattie girlie, he's booked. That club was his, whatever young Conellan says, at all. He was seen in that house av murder on the night. He swore to have Syme's life and that handkercher with blood on it, was his. Haven't I seen the initials, J. L., myself?"

Uncle Phineas caught himself up and glanced round. "Conellan can cajole that it's Lasky's if he likes, but it's the jury he's to make believe it—Lasky this and Lasky that. Because Lasky, rest his ruffianly soul, is too dead to prove an alibi. Faith, they wance named me silvertonged in my fair ground days. But Conellan's'll need to be eighteen carat gold, set wid glittering diamonds. Pattie dear, you go home and wait. That judge and his black cap—it's not a nice sight for a young girl."

"You've forgotten about Aunt Minnie and Daddy Doran."

Uncle Phin gave a rather ghastly smile.

"I have not. That's wan reason I want you to go home."

Patsy shook her head.

"No, I'm going back with you."

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1936, by S. Andrew Wood.
All Rights Reserved.

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 17)

"Why is Vane on the island at all—just now?"

"Because I'm his guardian—and he doesn't fit into the world of today. The Babbits would turn him into a recluse or a savage. He's at once finer and more primitive than most of us. He's no more a spy than I am."

"Anyone else?" asked Garrett with a certain dryness.

"There's my niece, Celia Camray, and Doctor Andrew Linklater, an old friend," said Osterhout hurriedly. "Celia is here because she loves the wilds and the ocean, and is otherwise alone in the world. All the same, I would have sent her to Santa Barbara yesterday, if I hadn't been so nearly finished with my experiments. Doctor Linklater has—been unfortunate. He acts as resident physician here."

"Mallow?" suggested Garrett after a little pause.

"Ephriam Mallow, my assistant, and his wife, Sarah, are here of course. Mallow knows the general principles of my invention, but not the details of design nor the exact method of powering the motors by wireless. Since the general idea was his originally, he will have an equal share in the profits of my airship. The secrets are mine. He has worked under my orders, constructing isolated parts blindly."

"Is he a radio expert?"

"Yes. But I have used new specific principles. He has asked questions, of course. They haven't been answered." Osterhout dismissed the subject with nervous impatience. "I have four ex-marines: Dan Brice, who's in charge; Buck Edwards, the wounded man; Bill Huckle, whom they call Tiny; and Sam Placer. They are here to guard the beaches and keep people from landing. It was Tiny Huckle who captured you."

"Is that everyone on the island?" Garrett persisted.

"Except the servants," replied Osterhout, with the air of a man placed unjustly on the defensive. "I have three."

"Will you tell me about them, please?"

"Aside from Brisson, I have Kyosi Sako, my house boy, and Susan Burch, a young English girl who looks after Celia."

"An English girl, a Frenchman and a Jap. What's wrong with the other nations?" Garrett's slow, likable smile robbed the words of any sting they might have had.

"Nonsense! Susan's a pretty and self-respecting young creature whom Celia chose herself. I believe she treats my marines with prudent reserve. The other two have been with me for years. I took them on long before these experiments."

"All right," Garrett smiled. "Let me just say this. If your invention is successful it will be of tremendous value in war—just the sort of thing that other countries or freelance adventurers—would try their utmost to steal. Spies are clever—not at all obvious. In a general way, it's often the unlikeliest person who proves the most dangerous."

"I suppose that's true," replied Osterhout uneasily. "But I can't believe anyone in my household would be disloyal."

"It's dangerous to have so many people here," said Garrett unmoved, "especially foreigners. Perhaps they have your secrets already. It might account for this shot."

"How on earth can you suppose that?"

"The spy could have fired it to make you think he still wanted your secrets—to keep you from looking at your plans until he could get clear away with them. I don't say that's true, but it's possible."

Osterhout looked startled and then acutely anxious. He started for the safe. Suddenly he checked himself and flung a keenly measuring glance at his companion.

"I don't want to see you open it," Garrett smiled. "I'll turn my back while you make sure of your plans."

Osterhout laughed shortly. "Never mind. They were intact half an hour ago. I referred to them. Each part for the model went into that safe as I completed it. They stayed in there until yesterday morning, when I began to install them. Since then I haven't left this room. All my meals have been sent in, and I've slept here." He indicated the couch. "I didn't look at them all, just before you came. But if some were intact, the rest must be."

"You took wise precautions," said Garrett soberly. "There's another angle which, perhaps, hasn't occurred to you. If the man who fired that shot sees a chance to steal your plans, the fact that you're here in the room won't stop him. He—or they—will knock you out or kill you, probably the latter. I'm not trying to frighten you, Mr. Osterhout. I'm telling you a simple fact. If the model works tonight you ought to be especially careful. Are you armed?"

"Unlike yourself," said Osterhout grimly, "I am."

"Innocent gentlemen don't carry guns. Your men would have found it. I'll carry one now if you have one to spare."

Osterhout went to a drawer in the workbench and took out a new and shining .38 revolver. Garrett inspected the shells and slipped it into his pocket.

"Thanks," he said. "By the way, how many rifles are there on the island? And who has charge of them?"

"I brought six. Dan and his men have four. There's one in my room. I—I think the other was left in the box. Must you suspect my friends?"

"At least I'd like to know where the box is," said Garrett. "Might as well prove that it isn't somebody in your household—if we can."

Osterhout looked preoccupied and rather impatient.

"I'm sure it isn't. And I don't know exactly where the box is now. Probably in the storeroom off the kitchen, or one of the pantries, or under Dan's bunk. I can't leave this room to look for it just now."

"Tomorrow then," said Garrett after a little pause. "Does anyone else know the combination of your safe?"

"Not a man on the island," came the prompt response. "Not even Mallow. There's nothing to worry about there."

It was unfortunate that Garrett missed the ambiguity in this answer. He took it for granted that no one at all except Osterhout knew the combination of the safe.

"I'd like to hear any details you can give me about those voices off shore," he said with marked deference.

Osterhout's manner changed. "That was night before last. The usual mist closed in at twilight and the ocean was very calm. About midnight Buck Edwards heard the creak of oars off the east beach and then low voices. Sounds carry far over smooth water. He couldn't distinguish words, but thought the voices sounded foreign. He traced the direction and kept level on shore. When they came nearer, he tried to spot them with a torch through the mist. Before he could see anything, a rifle bullet creased him—knocked him out.

"Dan heard the shot and came down. He found Buck unconscious, but nothing else wrong. There hadn't been any vessel in sight before the mist came. It was the same after dawn—nothing in sight. We searched the island and found nothing. It's eight miles long but quite bare except for tough grass and ice-plant in the sheltered places. There was a shepherd in that hut when we came. I sent him away."

"Anything in the nature of a cave?"

"Not on San Nicolas," said Osterhout. "There may be on Begg's Island, but I doubt it."

"Your ex-marines searched the island, you mean?"

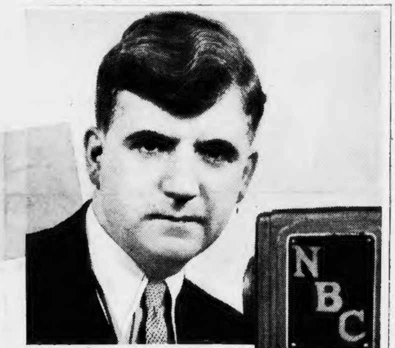
"They're to be trusted! Buck didn't shoot himself."

"Whoever shot him didn't use a silencer that night," said Garrett thoughtfully, "if Dan heard it. Midnight, you said? A yacht could approach after dark and drop a boat outside your kelp. When the attempt to land failed, if that's what it was, they could be gone again before dawn."

"Of course. The mystery is how they knew about my experiments. But that boat proves that it's outside spies."

"Perhaps," Garrett admitted. "You're well known as an inventor of lethal weapons. Any

(Continued on Page 20)



I've had a fortune spent on my face

***by* JOHN B. KENNEDY**
EDITOR—RADIO COMMENTATOR

My face isn't my fortune—that's certain—but there's a factory in Boston where they've *spent* a fortune on my face, and *yours*. I flew over to Boston for this story—visited the Gillette Safety Razor Company where they make razor blades with the scientific accuracy and sanitary care I thought limited to only the most delicate surgical instruments.

Yes, Gillette has spent millions of dollars in developing equipment and facilities to produce and test the Gillette Blade. I watched every step in its manufacture—saw it enter the process as part of a huge coil of strip steel, until it emerged as one of a family of five or ten blades in the familiar Gillette package. I was tremendously impressed. My conception of razor blade manufacture was completely changed.

Before I get technical, let me explain that as a veteran reporter I have inspected many factories and manufacturing processes. Yet the intricate detail and intense supervision of each Gillette operation made even my hard-bitten mind marvel. As we approached the hardening room in my tour of the factory I had a vision of grimy men sweating before fiery furnaces. But what a surprise! Why, the place might have been an air-cooled office. It was utterly clean—without odor of any kind. Here 18 electrically controlled and operated furnaces, the like of which you've never seen—harden Gillette steel to perfection. Midway on each furnace is a little black box—a truly magical box. In it is a bellwether strip of steel—exactly correct in hardness for the manufacture of the Gillette Blade.

Through magnetic control—this master strip automatically regulates the temperature of the furnace so that the steel passing through is tempered to the identical hardness of the master strip. That's an untechnical way of explaining a process so marvelously skillful that its scientific description would probably fill a library.

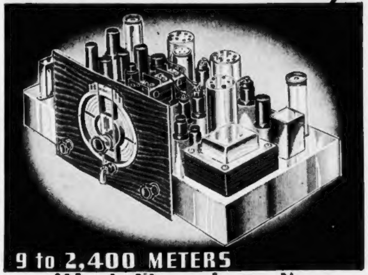
And that's only one of many processes that made a lasting impression on me. The blades are honed by the sweetest process I have ever seen. Conveyed through whirring cycles of abrasive wheels and leather—Gillette Blades come out the sharpest, cleanest-shaving blades that science can produce.

I could enumerate a half-dozen or more operations that would amaze you; but having seen a blade start as raw, cold-rolled steel, and finally emerge with edges so sharp the human eye cannot see them, and so hard that they can actually cut glass—I'm more impressed with results. I'm impressed with the fact that the Gillette Blade has *the* shaving edges for any man who is particular about his face.

In view of these facts—impartially recorded by a trained observer—how can any man accept a substitute. It pays to ask for Gillette Blades and insist on getting them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Again **MIDWEST**
Proves Its Leadership

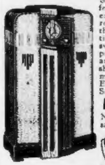


.... with A Marvelous New
14·TUBE FIVE WAVE BAND, WORLD-WIDE RADIO

ONCE again, Midwest demonstrates its leadership by offering the world's most powerful Super 14-METAL TUBE 5-Band radio. It is a master achievement . . . today's most highly perfected, precisely built, laboratory adjusted set. It is a radio-musical instrument that will thrill you with its marvelous super performance... glorious new acousti-tone... crystal-clear "concert" realism . . . and magnificent foreign reception. Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. Learn about the successful Midwest Laboratory-To-You policy that saves you 30% to 50% . . . that gives you 30 days' FREE TRIAL in your own home.

$39.50 with NEW Deluxe AUDITORIUM-TYPE SPEAKER
--LESS TUBES--

50 SENSATIONAL ADVANCEMENTS



Scores of marvelous Midwest features, many of them exclusive, explain Midwest glorious tone realism, super performance, and thrilling world-wide 5-band reception. Five bands enable you to switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to the finest and most fascinating programs from Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, So. America... 12,000 miles away.

EASY PAY PLAN

This super radio will out-perform $150 and $200 sets on a side by side test. It is so powerful, so amazingly selective, so delicately sensitive that it brings in distant foreign stations with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to powerful locals.

BUY DIRECT FROM LABORATORIES!

No middlemen's profits to pay. You buy at wholesale price, direct from Laboratories . . . saving 30% to 50%. You get 30 days' FREE trial . . . as little as $5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. You are triply protected with a One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantee.

SAVE UP TO 50%

MAIL COUPON TODAY *for FREE* 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER *and* 40-PAGE FOUR COLOR CATALOG

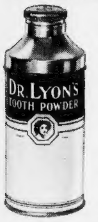
MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 28H, Cincinnati, Ohio
Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name ____________
Address ____________
Town ____________ State ____________
Check ☐ if interested in Midwest All-Wave Battery Radio

User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money
Check Here for details ☐

HAVE you ever thought of keeping a scrap-book of the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and other unusual articles and illustrations published regularly in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY? Start one with features contained in this issue that interest you!

USE POWDER



100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste
No Grit—No Pumice
Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel
Lasts Longer—Costs Less
Outlasts tooth paste 2 to 1

Do as your dentist does—
when he cleans your teeth

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER—just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dentists everywhere recommend Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans off all stains and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

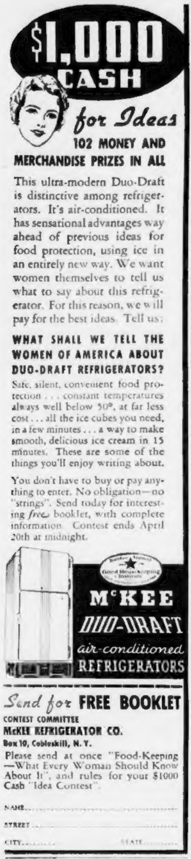
Free from all grit or pumice, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER



102 MONEY AND MERCHANDISE PRIZES IN ALL

This ultra-modern Duo-Draft is distinctive among refrigerators. It's air-conditioned. It has sensational advantages way ahead of previous ideas for food protection, using ice in an entirely new way. We want women themselves to tell us what to say about this refrigerator. For this reason, we will pay for the best ideas. Tell us:

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE WOMEN OF AMERICA ABOUT DUO-DRAFT REFRIGERATORS?

Safe, silent, convenient food protection . . . constant temperatures always well below 50°, at far less cost . . . all the ice cubes you need, in a few minutes . . . a way to make smooth, delicious ice cream in 15 minutes. These are some of the things you'll enjoy writing about.

You don't have to buy or pay anything to enter. No obligation—no "strings". Send today for interesting *free* booklet, with complete information. Contest ends April 20th at midnight.

Send for **FREE BOOKLET**

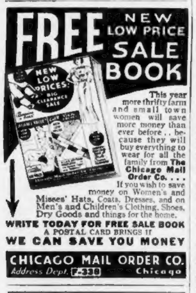
CONTEST COMMITTEE
McKEE REFRIGERATOR CO.
Box 10, Cobleskill, N. Y.

Please send at once "Food-Keeping—What Every Woman Should Know About It", and rules for your $1000 Cash "Idea Contest".

NAME..

STREET..

CITY.................... STATE....................



FREE NEW LOW PRICE SALE BOOK
NEW LOW PRICES: BIG CLEARANCE SALE

This year more thrifty farm and small town women will save more money than ever before . . because they will buy everything to wear for all the family from **The Chicago Mail Order Co. . . .** If you wish to save money on Women's and Misses' Hats, Coats, Dresses, and on Men's and Children's Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods and things for the home.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE SALE BOOK
A POSTAL CARD BRINGS IT
WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.
Address Dept. F-330 Chicago

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

When you buy a new bag, you usually buy initials, too—*something extra* for smartness.

Frostilla Lotion also offers something extra . . . *fragrance*. But you don't pay extra for it! For this hand lotion is scented with a lovely bouquet perfume—much nicer than no odor, or a medicinal smell! Frostilla makes your hands really handsome, and has *every* quality you want in a lotion—speed, economy, no stickiness . . . *plus fragrance*.

35c, 50c and $1.00 sizes everywhere. Travel size at better ten-cent stores.

FROSTILLA *Lotion*

Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experiences in the Underworld

(Continued from Double Page)

ously. "But so unworldly. They do not understand. One must live. What would we have to eat if Aucassin did not steal? He does not steal for anything but the few francs we need. No," she went on, "one day he will be a good thief, and then he will not be caught, and then we shall have our home, and maybe we shall have our baby, too."

She very much wanted a baby, did Nicolette; but she knew she could not have one till her man became a good thief. I do not think I ever met two people quite so simple and straightforward.

They were sitting hand in hand as I talked to them that night. The only times I have seen them together they have been hand in hand.

Once I saw them in the market; Aucassin with the string bag on his arm, and his other hand holding Nicolette's. They were doing their marketing with the proceeds of his last meagre success. They laughed as they bargained with the stall keepers, and laughed again as they went off with their purchase, like two children who had got the better of a grown-up.

And now it was just before Christmas.

"How long will it be before you go to prison again?" I asked Aucassin.

He looked at me knowingly.

"Not till I am clumsy," he said. "And I shall try especially hard not to be clumsy, because we must not be away from each other for Christmas. The Blessed Virgin would not wish it. Besides, the last time I was up, M. le Juge told me that if I came up again within six months he would see to it that Nicolette was not taken. He is an old fool, but he knows why Nicolette does these things, so perhaps he is not such an old fool. But one must live, and one must have candles to burn before the statue of the Blessed Child at Christmas. So I must steal. But I shall be very careful."

Nicolette shook her head. "You are always careful," she said, "but the police have eyes in the backs of their heads."

Aucassin sighed. "It is true," he said. "But what would you? And I must have my Christmas with you."

He did.

A friend in England to whom I told the story was very rich, and very sympathetic. Just a few francs—more would have hurt them—found their way to Nicolette each week, to give food and firing and shelter, and those little candles to burn before the images of the Blessed Child and the Holy Virgin.

And let me relate here another story of affection and devotion in the Underworld, although it was an instance which came to my notice in Marseilles. In company with a retired detective from Paris, who had settled in Marseilles, I was wandering round the notorious dock quarter when we saw a young woman carrying a basket of beautiful pears. There was nothing uncommon in that in Marseilles. But it happened just then that pears were out of season. These, I suspected, must have cost some four or five francs each.

She was a striking girl. Her clothes were little more than rags. She looked half-starved. But her features were those of a Greek goddess, though the animation which lighted them had none of the coldness of that classic beauty, for she looked radiantly happy. I commented upon the contrast.

"Oh," said my friend, "we all know Lucille. She sells fish at the quayside."

"Then why pears in the streets?" I demanded.

He told me her story.

Lucille was the world's mistress. She counted her lovers as one counts the dates on a calendar. Then one day she had really fallen in love—with two men. They had wanted to fight for her; to fight with her as the prize. Then the strangest streak of gentleness had risen unexpectedly in her, and she had vetoed the suggestion. But, being men, they forgot her wishes, and they fought. Andre killed Gramand. Andre was sent to prison. It was while he was serving his five years that we met Lucille.

Whether or not Andre was really the more favored does not matter. At any rate, from the moment of his sentence, Lucille remained faithful in that city that hardly knows what faithfulness means. Not only did she take no other lover, but she would neither look at nor amuse herself with another man. As her personal beauty had been her chief attraction, and she was no longer willing to use it as a financial asset, she looked for honest work, and found, as many another had found before her, that honest work in Marseilles was not easy to find. In the end she took to selling fish on the quayside. Every one knew her. With that peculiar sympathy which prevails everywhere among those who have suffered, there were many who tried to help.

Lucille prospered.

"If you wish," said my friend, "we will go one day and watch her. Then you shall learn her secret."

Next day I went to the quayside with my guide. There was Lucille with her little wooden stand of fish. From where we stood we could see everything that happened. A constant stream of human traffic passed her, with every now and then someone stopping at her stall to buy.

At last among her customers was a little page-boy. Lucille glanced round hurriedly as he approached. She wrapped up a small parcel of fish, then reaching beneath her stall, produced a box of oysters. Taking some, she examined them carefully, then, wrapping them up, handed them to him.

Because he was different from the rest of them, I watched him go curiously.

"Now," said the ex-detective, "go to her and buy some fish. And then say: 'They tell me oysters are dear today.' "

I did as he said.

"Mais oui, Madame," said Lucille. "But who told you to say that?"

"Nobody. I just knew."

She wrapped up my fish, and then, just as she had done with the boy, reached below the top board of the wooden stall and produced the oysters. Selecting them, she placed them with the fish and handed them to me.

"Three hundred francs."

I gave her the money and walked away.

"Have you looked inside?" asked my friend.

I did so, then. In each shell was a tiny white paper. I opened one. Inside was cocaine. I visited Lucille many times after that.

"Que voulez-vous?" she said. "Andre is in prison. He must live when he comes out. He will have a surprise. Everything is for him. We will have a home together. I spend nothing. All I have made I keep. I have for us a lot of money. But I have told him nothing. He does not know. And when he comes out we shall have enough money to have a business of our own."

Every week she took her man fruit and other delicacies to prison. Every day she sold her fish and her oysters and cocaine at the quayside; and every night she went round with her basket of extravagant fruit that fetched so much more money than the other vendors of seasonable mediocrities collected.

But it was from the cocaine that she made most money. How much cocaine she sold in those three years I do not know. But her supplies seemed inexhaustible. Every day she was at her little wooden stall at the quay, and every day came the little page-boy, and other emissaries from those who knew how to pay for what they wanted when they could find where to get it.

When things got too hot for her—for more than once she was warned that the police were on the watch—she changed her methods. Once I saw her in the fashionable quarter of Marseilles, the true fisher-woman, selling cockles from two large baskets on her arm, crying her wares as the old London vendor used to cry "Cockles and mussels alive-oh," and ringing her bell as the crumpet-seller rings his every Sunday in the Bloomsbury streets. And many of those cockles, I knew, were not as innocent as their shells would have had them appear.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 19)

intelligent man who helped move your equipment might guess that you had something new. Did you make the model here, or bring it with you?"

"Brought the silk and bamboo and made it here."

"Which proves nothing at all," said Garrett. "Well, any expert could blow that safe, if he once got in here and had a little time. How secure is this room?"

"I keep the doors locked and bolted. The rest of the house is lath and stucco, but these walls are three bricks thick. The roof folds back to let out the model. Any attempt to open it from the outside will set off an alarm. I've taken precautions."

"Where does the alarm ring, Mr. Osterhout?"

"Up there on the wall, outdoors on that wall, and in my bedroom. The outdoor bell can be heard at the hut. I was going to say: when the time comes to experiment with a large dirigible, I hope to assemble my machinery at sea, and try the airship from a carrier, guarded by warships. I thought I'd be safe here for the preliminaries. At least, they'll soon be finished. Between these spy alarms and being cooped up here in this everlasting mist, it's a wonder we're all sane."

"Yes. Your guards seem a bit tense." Garrett went over to the model and studied it, frowning. "You're sure of every single person now on the island?" he asked slowly.

"Why not? Brisson and Sako have been with me for years. Doctor Linklater is an old friend and chess opponent. I'll swear by my tough marines. Mallow shares my profits and stands or falls with me. His wife is purely domestic. Celia and Dion are admirable youngsters and fond of me, I think. Susan is hardly more than a child. There's no one else."

"Counsel for the defense," Garrett smiled. "Well, if a trained spy got at your model, I suppose he could tell almost as much from the machinery as from your plans?"

"As much, and more quickly," said Osterhout, "if he happened to be a radio expert. I'm not worried about that if the model comes back. I'll destroy the machinery at once and leave only the plans. We'll get those off to Washington."

"The times of risk tonight are when the model starts and when it returns. Does anyone here on the island know that you're trying it out tonight?"

"They all know. At least, my household. I could hardly keep that a secret. I've been shut up in here for two days, and of course they've all come asking why."

Garrett hid his disapproval.

"Shall I stay with you?" he asked quietly.

"No, thanks. I don't want anyone here to distract me tonight. I'm quite safe in this room."

"Probably you are," said Garrett, "until after the test. What time do you expect the model back?"

"I'm sending her out in—" Osterhout glanced at his wrist watch "—in forty minutes. If all goes well she ought to be back at dawn or just after. I want her to reach Los Angeles in the small hours, when the city is darker. It will be easier for my man to see the flares."

"I think I'll borrow your rifle, too," said Garrett.

"My rifle? What for?"

"Your greatest danger will be around dawn, when the model returns. I'd like to be on a high point of the island at that time, with a rifle. Can you call me before dawn?"

"You mean they'll try to bring down my model?"

"It's possible. You'll arrange those details?"

"Perhaps that's a wise precaution, Garrett. You can take the rifle from the corner in my room. But I won't want to leave my controls even long enough to call you. So borrow my alarm clock and set it for three-thirty. It'll be cold before dawn. Help yourself to my trench coat, too."

"Thanks, I will. Where is your room?"

"The corner one at the end of the passage. I'll let you out into the living room. The next beyond is your bedroom. I think you'll find a tray of food there. When you've finished, come back to the living room. I'll introduce you to the others now, as a friend—"

"Don't bother," said Garrett quickly. "If I'm to be up before dawn, I'll turn in right away."

"As you like." Osterhout shot back the bolt and unlocked the door into the right wing. Garrett's brief inspection embraced a living room of surprising luxury and comfort. A big man sat hunched over a chess board near the window. He did not look up. There was a woman knitting with her back to him, so that he could see only the top of her head. A surprisingly pretty girl in dark blue slacks and a white sweater sat curled up in a chair. He caught the flash of her dark hostile eyes as he said good night to the scientist.

After hearing the door close and the bolt snick home, Garrett veered across the living room to another door, conscious that three pairs of eyes were on him now. He left the room without looking back and felt his way down the hall to Osterhout's bedroom. There he found the switch and collected rifle, alarm clock and trench coat. The room gave him another angle on its owner's personality. It was neat, cold and bare as a barracks.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1936, by Sinclair Gluck. All Rights Reserved.

Recipes Readers Request

Waffles.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt and combine with 2 eggs beaten until light and mixed with 1¼ cups milk. Add 6 tablespoons butter, melted over hot water, and beat well. Bake on hot waffle irons and serve with creamed chicken, syrup or crushed sweetened fruit.

Quick Chocolate Frosting.

MIX and sift 3 cups powdered sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, and ⅔ cup cocoa. Beat 2 tablespoons creamed butter until smooth with 2 egg yolks. Add the dry ingredients gradually, beating constantly. Thin as necessary with 4 tablespoons cold, strong coffee. Beat until smooth enough to spread.

Try QUICK ELASTIC
YOU'LL BE SURPRISED
QUICK ELASTIC HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS
Hot Starch Without Boiling!
MAKES IRONING EASY
AND GET THIS POSTPAID
SENT BY MAIL
25 INCHES LONG—SOLID MAPLE—CLOTHES LIFTER
30c Value BUT LOOK See Coupon Offer
JUST WHAT I'VE WANTED FOR AGES!

See the wonderful difference Quick Elastic makes in all you iron. Things look and feel like new. Your iron fairly glides!

THANK YOU—

Offer Expires FEB. 29, 1936

THE HUBINGER CO., Dept. 130, Keokuk, Iowa

I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) and One (1) Quick Elastic Starch box top for which mail me postpaid one BIG HELP hard maple Clothes Lifter.

Name..

Address..

DO YOU SEE Rough Skin? Hangnails? A "Dishwashy" look?
AVOID Strong Soaps for dishes!
PLACE YOUR HAND HERE
Easy to have "LADY-OF-LEISURE HANDS"
ISN'T THIS RING GORGEOUS?
I MIGHT BUY IT FOR YOU, BEA, IF YOU'D GET YOUR HANDS SMOOTH AND PRETTY AGAIN!
SHE TOOK THE HINT
YOU WIN, HONEY! I GOT YOU THE RING—BUT HOW DID YOU GET YOUR HANDS SMOOTH SO QUICKLY?
DARLING, I CHANGED FROM THAT HARSH SOAP TO NICE PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WASHING DISHES.
IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100 % IVORY PURE

Busy hands *can* be pretty hands—if you wash dishes with Ivory Flakes. So pure—they give your hands gentle beauty-care right in the dishpan. Why allow strong soaps to roughen your hands—when Ivory Flakes *extra*-purity costs less than 1¢ a day? Ask your grocer for the big blue box of Ivory Flakes—today!

99 44/100 % PURE

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red instead of coating them with pastey lipstick

Stolen from a tropical paradise . . . the allure-wise South Sea maiden's own secret of luscious, exciting lips. Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible color . . . instead of pastey coating. TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then pat it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting red that only time can remove . . . and that will actually soften your lips instead of drying them. Five South Sea shades . . . each aglow with reckless, red adventure! Make your choice at the TATTOO Color Selector by testing all five on your own skin. CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . PASTEL . . . NATURAL . . . HAWAIIAN.

$1

TATTOO

ZIPPY PRIZES for BOYS AND GIRLS MEN AND WOMEN

Get Yours —— Here's How

Any of these beautiful and useful articles (and many others) may be yours for selling GARDEN SPOT SEEDS. Positively no extra money to pay. Send for 24 pkt. collection of seeds (2 collections for Sport Watch). Sell at 10c a pkt. Remit money collected then receive your choice of prizes absolutely free, post-paid. Send No Money Now, Just name and address. Write for Seeds today. A Post card will do. We Trust You.

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Sta. 79, Paradise, Pa.

Meats for Mid-Winter

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MEAT is always the central motive of any genuine meal, and with the long season of mid-Winter at hand, it assumes even greater importance in the daily menu.

What shall she give her family on this cold and bitter day? What shall she have ready when the children come home at noon? What will husband and boys think most tasty? And what will make the smallest dent in the weekly food budget? These are but a few of the questions any Mrs. Housewife asks herself every morning, or every time she stands, hesitant, before the butcher's shining display case.

The choice or prime cuts are always highest in price. If the cut be large like a roast, or if it requires long slow cooking to make it tender, there is the point of the cost of cooking fuel. If the recipe is too elaborate, the time in preparation may be more than the housemother can spare. Beef and lamb, pork and veal—why indeed are there but four main meat-bearing animals?

What the mid-Winter menu seeks and demands more than any other one thing is—variety. This variety may be secured in several ways: the same or familiar cut may be purchased, but its cooking and serving may be entirely revised; the dish may be so flavored with new herbs and seasonings that it appears to be a new dish entirely—even a new kind of meat; or this novelty in flavor may be achieved by the addition of fresh or dried fruits in connection with its cooking; or such a manner of garnish and accessories may be used as to create an illusion of new ingredients; last, but by no means least at this season, the use of biscuits, a pastry crust, fried cornmeal mush cakes, or a crisp Yorkshire pudding dripping with gravy, or a savory bread stuffing, will quite transform what seem too familiar, too simple meat cuts or those which have become monotonous.

The casserole method has much to recommend it for making tasty and rich many of the less expensive cuts such as veal or lamb breast, the shank or neck of beef, shoulder lamb chops, flank or chuck.

The ideal casserole treatment involves these three steps: (1) cut meat into small and medium similar pieces; (2) brown pieces in hot fat until well seared and golden, to retain the juices; (3) cover with hot (never boiling) water or seasoned stock; (4) cover, and cook on simmering low fire until meat is tender and gravy almost absorbed.

The simple point of browning each piece in hot fat first before adding the stock or water, means browner gravy and richer flavor because the meat juices are kept in. Casseroling may be done in the oven, or in a Dutch oven, or in one of the newer small electric casserole utensils which operate on any convenient outlet.

Potroasting is a cooking method which is a combination of roasting and stewing, and is adaptable to such cuts as short ribs of beef, flank of beef or the shoulder or chuck or similar thick, firm pieces which can be cooked in one section. The potroast piece should also be browned all over first in hot fat, then covered in a deep pot, and with almost no moisture, be cooked at a slow point. If additional water is needed, it should be added only as required.

The Dutch oven, or heavy iron cooking pot, is excellent for all potroast. To make this dish distinctive, it requires the addition of juicy foods or fruits, since the potroast cooks to a dry texture; sauerkraut is one good contrast, and so are stewed cranberries cooked right in with the meat, so also are dried apricots added during the latter part of the cooking, etc.

Stewing, so called, is nothing but casseroling, although many stews can be made right on the top burner if the flame is kept sufficiently low. The secret of making stews which are really appetizing is to flavor them well, or highly, or with novelty. Onions, chives, garlic stand at the head of the stew seasoning list; then come sage, and marjoram, peppers, mushrooms, parsley, cinnamon, whole clove, allspice, bayleaf, etc.

Many meats usually served in one piece become more flavorful if they are run through the grinder and combined with tasty ingredients in made dishes. Here enter the unusual recipe for hamburg, for other meat balls, such as the Swedish stew, and fillings for green peppers, or tomatoes, or filling to be used as a stuffing for fowl.

The use of a cereal extender often completely changes the appearance and taste of a dish. Fried corn meal mush should be used much more frequently to accompany inexpensive dishes of fried or casserole meats. The crisp, nutty flavor and crunchy texture of the fried mush is an excellent foil to the softer ingredients of the casserole or stew.

Yorkshire pudding is another batter cereal accessory which transfigures even a humble roast cut into a glamorous dinner. It is easy to make, being only a beaten up mixture of several eggs, milk and seasoning. Poured under the meat during the last stages of roasting, it absorbs the meat juices, and some of the flavorful fats, and gives character to the whole dish.

Again, this is a season when a pastry crust, or dumplings, or biscuits used as crust, must be seriously taken into account by the one who wishes meats that are different. A good simple pastry crust can be rolled on any casserole or baked meat dish, with much gain in interest, appetite and volume as it were.

Dumplings serve the same purpose, and evidently Grandmother, and Great Grandmother were ladies who knew a thing or two, when we find that they served dumplings so frequently. As a cheap, wholesome, and filling extender of plain meat dishes, bring on your dumplings! They can be made in a jiffy, and dropped onto the hot liquid or heated gravy of almost any casserole or stew dish.

In considering meats, one must not forget those unusual portions of meats, those special parts which often have equal food value, and even more than equal flavor. Here come liver, with its high vitamin content, kidneys, brains, tripe, oxtail, sweetbreads, heart, and so on.

Each of these has a distinctive texture—the heart requires slow braising to make its coarse fibres tender. But when this is done, and it is served with a portion of hot boiled spaghetti, or vermicelli, or sauerkraut, one has a most savory, inexpensive dish.

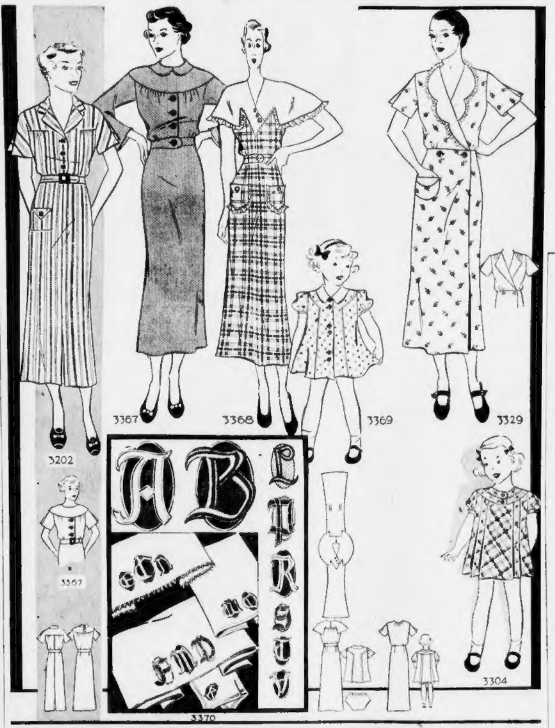
Kidneys are too often neglected by our housewives, while those of England knew long ago of the tastiness, and the inexpensiveness of a kidney stew, or creamed kidneys on toast, or devilled or grilled kidneys—those delicious tidbits so relished by men.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef on Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prune Juice, Hot Cereal, Cheese Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Stewed Apricots, Cereal, French Toast, Amber Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Apricot Pineapple Marmalade, Sally Lunn, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Cereal, Buckwheat Griddle Cakes, Coffee.
Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks, Butterscotch Tapioca Pudding, Tea.	*Luncheon* Baked Macaroni or Mexican Rarebit, Waffles with Fruit Sauce, Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Tripe Birds with Tomato Sauce, French Fried Potatoes, Icebox Rolls, Fruit Trifle, Tea.	*Luncheon* Spaghetti Italienne or Cheese Souffle, Icebox Rolls, Macedoine Green Vegetable Salad, Savory Dressing, Cookies, Tea.	*Luncheon* Black Bean Soup, Tuna Fish a la King, Toast, Fruit, Tea.	*Luncheon* Noodles and Spinach or Rabbit Casserole, Prune Pie, Tea.	*Dinner* Consomme, Roast Stuffed Capon, Steamed India Rice, Creamed Artichokes or Celery, Glazed Onions or Corn Fritters, Lettuce and Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Loganberry Bombe Glace, Cookies.
Dinner Hot Tomato Juice, Pressed Corned Beef, Vegetables in Casserole, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Lord Baltimore Cake.	*Dinner* Breaded Veal Cutlets, Steamed Potatoes, Savory Tomatoes, Endive and Cauliflower Salad, French Dressing, Apples Baked in Maple Syrup.	*Dinner* Canadian Stew with Suet Dumplings, Broccoli with Lemon, Cranberry Jelly Salad, Lemon Miracle Pie.	*Dinner* Sauerkraut Cocktail, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Anna, Mint Sauce, Baked Onions, Spinach with Lemon, Jellied Pears.	*Dinner* Orange Juice, Rolls, Oysters Mornay, Stuffed Endive Salad, Steamed White Pudding.	*Dinner (Company)* Planked Corned Beef Hash with Duchesse Potatoes, Asparagus Tips, Seven-Minute Apples, Coffee Blanc Mange, Hot Water Chocolate Cake.	*Supper* Toasted Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Stewed Fruit, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3202—THIS SPORTY SHIRTMAKER, MADE NOW, WILL TAKE YOU THROUGH THIS SEASON AND MORE TO COME! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3367—THE MOLDED SHOULDER-LINE INCREASES IN POPULARITY WHETHER OR NOT YOU TOP IT WITH A COLLAR. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3368—BE-RUFFLED CAPE SLEEVES AND YOKE COMBINED MAKE THIS AN EASY FROCK TO SEW AND WEAR. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric and 1 yard contrasting.

Pattern 3369—KIDDIES' COAT FROCK HAS EASY TO MAKE YOKE-AND-PANEL FEATURE, AND ACCOMPANYING PANTIES. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and ¼-yard contrasting.

Pattern 3329—THE MATRON WHO WEARS A FORTY-SIX, WILL FIND THIS COAT FROCK BOTH COMFORTABLE AND SLENDERIZING. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and 1 yard contrasting.

Pattern 3370—GIVE LINENS A PERSONAL TOUCH WITH OLD ENGLISH INITIALS. Easy to do in cutwork or satin stitch. Pattern 3370 contains a transfer of three complete alphabets in the following sizes: ⅜-inch, 1⅜-inch, and 2⅜-inch; directions for cutwork and for correct use of initials; illustrations of all stitches needed.

Pattern 3304—PLAIDS BOTH BRIGHT AND RIGHT FOR THIS YOUTHFUL BLOOMER FROCK, WITH ITS CRISP PLEATS AND DOUBLE YOKE. Designed for sizes 1, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15c EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

HOW TO MAKE THIS CLEVER CARRY-ALL and 75 other novelties..10c

Crochet this attractive, handy carry-all yourself, at home, of colorful strips of Dennison Crepe Paper and the simple directions we send you. Also, make lamp shades, bags, belts, dolls, toys, flowers, masks, marionettes—more than 75 clever novelties in all—all of simple, colorful crepe paper. Send only 10c for the Book of New Dennison Crafts now!

DENNISON'S, Dept. N-15, Framingham, Mass.
Please send the 1936 Book of New Dennison Crafts. I enclose 10 cents.
Name
Street (or R. F. D.)
City State

Dennison Crepe

Try this Spicing ...in Cake Icing

ANGOSTURA

To make a tastier hard sauce, add a few dashes of Angostura to your butter and powdered sugar.

For FREE *Book of Recipes* Write
ANGOSTURA, 248 PARK AVE., N. Y. C.

Gottschalk's Hand·L·Mop

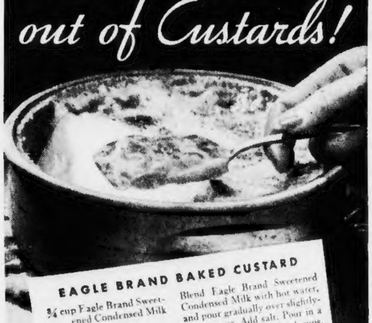
Soft Hands NOW. Wash Dishes clean 10c

On Sale at all *leading* Stores

SAFE...
because it is easier to clean
HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE

OLD DUTCH CLEANS TWICE AS FAST!
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Because it's made with quick-acting SEISMOTITE.... the quickest cleaning material science has yet discovered

THIS TAKES THE "*cuss*" *out of Custards!*



EAGLE BRAND BAKED CUSTARD

¾ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2¼ cups hot water
3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

● Far less chance of wateriness—or curdling—when you use this recipe. For Eagle Brand—which is milk and sugar already "cooked down"—blends smoothly with eggs, makes custard-cooking so much surer! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. AW-16, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name
Street
City State
(Print name and address plainly.) This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

Borden Quality

Your Chevrolet Dealer's *Guaranteed* OK *Tag* identifies the most reliable USED CARS you can buy

This Car
has been carefully checked and reconditioned as shown by (✓) marks below

Serial Number
Stock Number

- RADIATOR ✓
- MOTOR ✓
- CLUTCH ✓
- TRANSMISSION ✓
- REAR AXLE ✓
- STEERING ✓
- BRAKES ✓
- STARTING ✓
- LIGHTING ✓
- IGNITION ✓
- HORN ✓
- BATTERY ✓
- BODY ✓
- GLASS ✓
- FENDERS ✓
- FINISH ✓
- TIRES ✓
- UPHOLSTERY ✓
- FLOOR MATS ✓
- LUBRICATION ✓

Guaranteed OK
By *Your Chevrolet dealer*
Price

. . . and the best values, too!

KNOW definitely, before paying a single dollar down, that you are getting a thoroughly reliable used car!

Buy a *Guaranteed OK* used car from your Chevrolet dealer!

Sure satisfaction will be yours, for your Chevrolet dealer singles out the best cars in his entire stock—carefully reconditions the bodies, engines and other vital parts—and then attaches this red OK tag as his *guarantee* that the cars are one hundred per cent worthy of your confidence.

That's why we say that this *Guaranteed OK* tag identifies the most reliable used cars you can buy. *And the best values, too!* Because your Chevrolet dealer sells his cars at the lowest prices and on the most convenient terms.

Buy from your Chevrolet dealer—the dealer who has made used cars safe investments—the only dealer who sells used cars bearing this famous *Guaranteed OK* tag!

See your authorized
CHEVROLET
DEALER
for
Guaranteed
USED CARS
with an
OK
that counts